

Cut P4

The MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR of Hollywood



CHARLES RAY
who plays
BILL SMITH in
the first natural
vision fotoplay

In This Issue

Raymond L. Schrock
June Mathis
Ruth M. Tildesley
Margaret Ettinger
Nate Gatzert
Doris Douglas
“Duke” Orbach
and others

FEBRUARY, 1927

R. M. TESON

What Makes the Star Fade?

THIS woman, belonging to one of the very best families, is, in spite of her beauty, her wealth and her social position, one of the lowest human dregs of the country. No one, who is not a drug addict, has any idea of the terrible hell she goes through every day. Yet—she could not be despised, for she is mentally sick, mentally diseased—owing to her very low rate of vibration.

Drug addiction, sin, sickness and all other failures, have a common origin in a rundown or lowered rate of vibration. BUT, raise their rate of vibration and they all come back to normal. Still further increase their vibratory rate and they may reach any pinnacle of success.

The secret of all existence, all energy, all vitality, is vibration. You are only as alive as you are vibrant, for it is vibration that vitalizes your whole being. All degrees of life and existence are measured by their degree or rate of vibration.

Inspiration—Creative Inspiration—Continuous, Creative Inspiration. This is the greatest need in Movieland today. Without genuine inspiration there can never be that "subtle radiation of attraction" which so indelibly stamps the genius. You may be a star with all the physical perfection of Venus, but, without that "elusive something" you will never shine.

You will see stars come, flash a while, then flop and go out. They lack genuine inspiration. And yet in every one of them, just as in you, there is the means of tapping an infinite supply of Creative Inspiration, a source that will never give out and which will yield you the fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Vibratory Equilibrium is the way and the means. It not only gives the highest quality to the emotions, it also removes the irritant strain and replaces it with a joyous, all pervading peace. Every director knows how much this means in the successful making of a picture. Vibratory Equilibrium makes the stars shine, the heavenly stars and the earthly stars, and without it, there would be no star.

Vibratory Equilibrium, the science of vibration, is the most wonderfully fascinating of all modern scientific discoveries. It is the key to the riddle of the universe for it pushes back limitation after limitation, beyond the electronic border.

It is the key to success and failure. It demonstrates to you that, you are what you are, because of the rate at which you are vibrating, and, that what you have done, is nothing compared to what you really can do. It shows you that the evolution of any person or thing, can be speeded up by changing the vibratory rate of that person or thing.

It shows that in you, no matter who you are, just as in the greatest genius that ever lived, is the divine spark, that illimitable potency which is not a thing of the senses or the body, but of the Ego, the Real You—a God-given heritage, which it is your bounden duty to develop and contribute as your share, to the glorious destiny as a whole.



Shooting Dope
A Most Unnecessary Evil

Four-fifths of you are buried below the surface and in that four-fifths is hidden, almost smothered, the Real You. Choked by the senses, by fear and inhibitory hindrances, the Real You strives to make itself known through the vehicle of intuition. In rare moments, when the senses are stilled, you will feel its urge. The twenty per cent artificial you is but a weak, pitiful thing compared to that mighty, glorious You of the other four-fifths.

Peter Clarke, philosopher and psychologist, world citizen, sojourner in many strange lands, is the author and discoverer of this great system of **Vibratory Equilibrium**. Vibratory Equilibrium is the result of a lifetime of study and research of the Three Eternal Principles of all existence and progress. It has been evolved for the purpose of restoring to you, your lost four-fifths.

These discoveries have been written in a series of simple lessons. They are free from undue technicalities and are not only easy to read and easy to understand, but they are fascinating right through to the last word. They carry with them a vibrant thrill which searches out every fibre of your being. The truth of these principles has been proven beyond any danger of contradiction.

Among other achievements, Peter Clarke has the distinction of being officially credited by the New York Police Department with an unprecedented record of complete recoveries of drug addicts placed under his charge.

Every producer, every star, every director, every physician, every person who aspires to leadership, should know of this course—the pioneer scout of a coming great science. Every man who knows down in his heart that he is not the man he ought to be, who has felt a tremendous urge to do great things but who is held down in a maze of misunderstanding, should know Peter Clarke through these lessons.

It is not by any accident or chance that you are reading this. It is an inner urge bringing you in touch with your greatest opportunity. Always follow your hunches on opportunities. You cannot afford to let one get away. Capture this opportunity now. Fill in the coupon and give that Real Glorious You a chance to release some of its tremendous energy and radiate its beneficent magnificence every moment of your existence.

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THE VOICE OF THE INDUSTRY

VOLUME 3
NUMBER 5*The* MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR
of Hollywood

FEBRUARY, 1927

GEORGE E. BRADLEY, *Editor*LYLAH DEAN HALL, *Associate*

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The Motion Picture Director of Hollywood

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IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR



WITH this issue of The Motion Picture Director of Hollywood we commence our third successful year as "The Voice of the Industry"—and it is not without a great deal of pride that we have accomplished the thing so many "doubting Thomas's" said was impossible—*A Successful magazine in Hollywood.*

The Motion Picture Director of Hollywood is grateful to those in our great industry who have made the continuance of this publication possible—we who hold the destinies of the magazine in our hand, are happy to feel that a sincere appreciation of our efforts is paramount among executives and artists in the motion picture business.

Once again we are honored to announce that our policy is one of the simplest nature, it is constructive, we have no favorites, we have no politics, and no axes to grind. We are for the industry, and owe our measure of success to it.

AND today we announce a complete change in the personnel of our publication.

GEORGE E. BRADLEY, for more than eight years a writer of picture problems, has been selected as our Editor. We feel Mr. Bradley, with his experience, is eminently qualified to act as Editor for our publication. Schooled in the college of hard knocks (the streets of New York—journalistically speaking) George E. Bradley, was a reporter for the New York Morning Telegraph, for a period of five years, and later was selected as Motion Picture Editor of that paper. It is with sincere pleasure we welcome him into the fold.

Further we are pleased to announce the appointment of ERNEST E. GRIFFITHS as Secretary-Treasurer of the Director Publishing Corporation. Mr. Griffiths has spent many years in England, France, China, Japan, and South America. He is a Certified Public Accountant of California and a member of several professional societies. Mr. Griffiths will direct the business activities of this publication.

And again a ten-strike: "BILL" BONNELL, for four years Studio Representative of the Standard Casting Directory, has joined our staff as Studio Manager. By his fair dealings "Bill" is known and respected throughout the entire industry.

As Associate Editor, and personal assistant to the Editor, it is with gratification we have appointed LYLAH DEAN HALL. Miss Hall, for a number of years was associated with Isadore Bernstein at Universal and more recently the head of the reading department of First National Pictures Corporation, is well fitted to take over the important duties assigned to her. Miss Hall will devote most of her time to the development of the Review and Book Departments of *The Director*.

Hal C. Howe is our New York Editorial and Business Representative. He will have complete charge of our Eastern office.

MAY your success be ours—and our success yours. We start the New Year with assurance of co-operation from our associates, and with a definite promise:—to still maintain our place as "The Voice of the Industry."

J. STUART BLACKTON.

“Are Pictures Improving?”

Asks the Editor



THE greatest picture of its type ever screened!"

How often this slogan strikes the eye, flaming from every billboard, heavily inked into prominence from every printed page, emblazoned on every screen announcement of films to come!

It has become the usual thing—this bold claim—so usual, in fact, that the picture-going public accepts it as a matter of course, something to be expected and possibly ignored while it passes through the doors of the theater to render its own judgment.

Yet, the wonder is, not that the boast is made so often, but that so often it is correct, that the picture proves actually to be better than all its predecessors in its own field. Never a year goes by that a new champion is not crowned in every form of film production.

In every one of the approximately 25,000 motion picture theaters of the United States, it is probable that at least once every day, some patron gives vent to the question in a somewhat peevish tone, "Why don't we have better motion pictures?" The only possible answer is that we have them—better pictures than we have ever had before, pictures that are inferior only to those which are yet to come in the future.

Comparison of the films of today with those of ten or even five years ago will show such a vivid contrast and such tremendous strides in every phase of production that the fan of today will wonder what could possibly have aroused his enthusiasm over those earlier efforts.

Serious consideration of the subject after an exhaustive probing after facts gave rise to the inquisitorial thought as to just who or what is responsible for the extraordinary advance motion pictures have made in the few brief years of their existence.

In seeking a capable authority for an answer, the inspiration came to question a man who though young in years has veritably grown up in the industry, one who has played an appreciable part in its progress and who today holds one of the most responsible positions in filmdom. So it happened that the problem was placed before Raymond L. Schrock, associate producer with Warner Brothers, who, after a long apprenticeship, rose to his present post in a series of startling strides during the past few years.

Mr. Schrock has the habit of originality in ideas and execution. He is one of those rare picture folk with the faculty for starting things that others attempt to follow. For instance, it's been only recently that he launched the vogue for these Irish-Jewish combinations in film comedy with "The Cohens and The Kellys," which many other producers have tried and are still trying to emulate.

There is no deeper student of pictures in screenland today, no one who has a keener ear to the ground for a murmur that will guide to film improvement. So it was with the confidence that the answer would be intelligent and lucid that the query was placed before him, "Who or what is responsible for better motion pictures today?"

Better By Leaps and Bounds

Answers Raymond L. Schrock

HIS answer was delayed for just that space of time which is required by a clear-thinking individual to prepare for an expression of opinions on a matter to which he has given a great deal of intelligent consideration.

"Generally speaking," he said, "the 'who' responsible for better pictures today are exceedingly plural—in fact, there are over 110,000,000 in the United States alone. First in importance I am referring to the people of the world, whose demand for entertainment creates the market called 'box-office' that keeps the wheels turning."

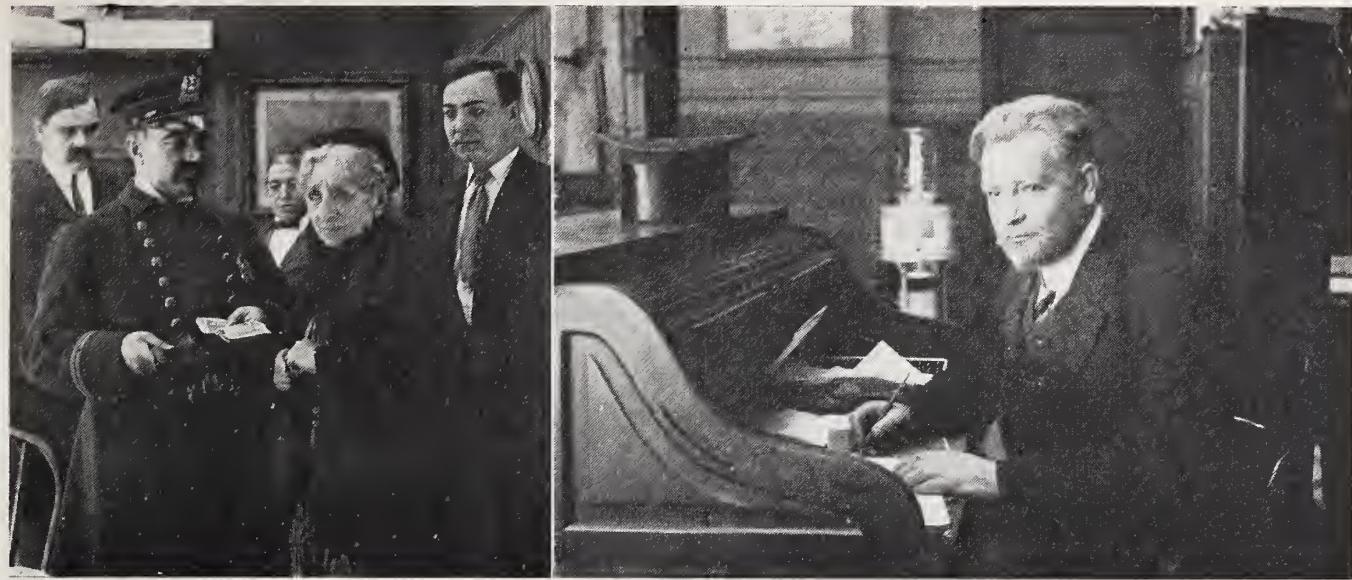
"True enough, there was a time in the early history of this great industry when the Motion Picture was a novelty and for that reason the public accepted almost anything. That was the period when most critics and writers coined the phrase, 'The Motion Picture is in its infancy,' and producers heard it so often they believed the public was also in its infancy and pictures were machine-made products, designed to appeal to the average mentality of childhood. Then producers suddenly awakened to the fact that the Motion Picture was really in its infancy, because they themselves had arrested its growth, and that it was no longer a novelty to the public, who were clamoring to adopt it as a standard entertainment, because it was within the range of every purse."

"Second in importance, I am referring to each and every individual who is a part of the great human machine that executes the making of Motion Pictures to supply the demand of the public," continued Schrock. "Included in this vast army of humanity we have the producer, director, actor, author, adapter, continuity writer, cameraman, film editor and cutter, title artist, title writer, technical director, scenic artist, electrical engineer, glass artist, miniature builder, laboratory chemist,

property man, blacksmith, carpenter, draftsman, mill hand, plasterer, paper hanger, painter, interior decorator, plumber, brick layer, set dresser, lathe hand, stunt man, wood carver, upholsterer, tailor, designer, modiste, wig maker, hostler, teamster, chauffeur, animal trainer, the assistants for each and every trade or profession, and the unclassified laborer and mechanic. In addition we may not overlook the countless inventors who are constantly contributing to the improvement of operation and quality of results, nor the many playwrights and authors of fiction who are ever striving to satisfy the public taste."



RAYMOND L. SCHROCK



If you do not think this is an old one all that is necessary—try to name them.

"Last but not least, I am referring to the driving spirit of all human endeavor—*Competition*.

"Of course, there are plenty of people who can not register on their minds the fact that pictures are improving, have improved so tremendously that a revival of an old-timer considered great in its day, now is treated as a joke and brings howls of laughter from the audience. When we consider that motion pictures are only thirty years old, counting from the day when Thomas A. Edison made his first historic test with Cissy Fitzgerald, at that time the popular 'Gaiety Girl' as the first actress to appear before the camera, away back in May, 1896, it seems all but incredible that they have raced to rank of fourth industry in America. There is only one other field of effort that can be compared to it and that is the automobile, whose progress curiously parallels that of films. But the auto was a necessity, whereas the motion picture even today is, primarily, a source of entertainment.

"I suppose 1896 might be called the

blackface age of pictures, because at that time no one knew anything about make-up for the camera, with the result that anyone who was daring enough to perform before it saw that his face appeared on the screen with a distinctly ebony hue.

"From that experimental period, films merged into the 'jumpy' age. In that ancient era, which was about twenty years ago, some of the problems of make-up had been solved and the players did look fairly white on the screen, but no one had yet been able to make the film 'stay put' when it was projected. Not only did the characters in the play move, but the entire photograph on the screen hopped up and down.

"Eventually, of course, the jumping was eliminated and pictures entered the stage of definite organization, when companies were formed, devoted exclusively to the purpose of transferring stories into pictures.

"Now, up to this time, such improvements as had been made in films were the work of the engineering department,

if I can call it that. In other words, the progress that had been made was a correction of mechanical defects which manifestly had to be overcome before motion pictures could be considered as of any real practical value. And the only films made up to that time were subjects from one quarter to one-half the length of one of our ordinary reels of today.

"In short, pictures were just floundering around, their makers trying to find out just what it was all about and what they could do with the finished product. But the public seized upon even those extraordinary crude products and the flickering, bobbing pictures were the wonder of the age. They were shown in theaters, halls, anywhere where a square of canvas could be stretched, and the people came in increasing numbers.

"Then it occurred to several persons simultaneously apparently, that the making of motion pictures might become a profitable business. So the various origi-

(Continued on Page 56)



And now comes Jean Hersholt, he the master of make-up in a more modern pose—though we believe in a few years this sidewalk stuff will be passe



Administration building and main entrance to the new Famous Players-Lasky studios on the site formerly occupied by the United Studios.

Hollywood's New Studios

by JAY CHAPMAN

INCREASED demand for motion picture entertainment, more theaters throughout the country, more production—these forces are expanding the Hollywood studios.

And within Hollywood, the village of yesterday, the solidly-built city of today, there is no more room for studio expansion!

Hollywood will remain the hub of the wheel, the center of the motion picture industry; however, the production of motion pictures will—in fact it has—largely taken itself out of the city proper to points north, south, east and west of the civic center.

North of Hollywood lies First National's big new plant, just opened. On the north-west is Universal City. On the south are De Mille, Hal Roach and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; on the west the site of the Fox studio project, and on

the east the Mack Sennett studio. All of these plants are approximately the same distance from the heart of Hollywood.

First National is the first of the big companies to build a new outlying studio "from the ground up." Its site was once an alfalfa field, a river bottom and a dairy farm; in place of these has sprung up within the space of only a few months the largest and finest equipped studio yet erected.

The famous old Hollywood studio most recently known as United, which was First National's home prior to the move to larger quarters in the San Fernando Valley was at the time of the move the largest in point of area within Hollywood proper. Its available space,

however, was only about thirty acres, while the new studio contains over seventy-five acres.

The United Studio plot, which has been taken over by Famous Players-Lasky as the new home of that organization's West Coast production forces, is historic ground. It was originally used by W. H. Clune and other independent producers of the early days, and then became the home of Paralta Plays, Inc., known as Paralta Studios. Among the notable pictures made there, in part or in their entirety, were the old "Ramona," "The Birth of a Nation," and "Eyes of the World," and later "The Miracle Man."

However, for some time it was used mostly as location ground and space for exterior sets, although gradually several of the old-fashioned open stages, and finally a glass-enclosed stage was built. In

the meanwhile the name "Paralta Studios" had given place to "Robert Brunton Studios," under the management of Robert Brunton and later of M. C. Levey, who is now general executive manager of the new First National plant.

Colleen Moore, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, the Talmadges, Buster Keaton and many other famous stars have made pictures there. It became the home of First National Pictures practically at the time of the inception of that company's west coast production activities, and was expanded and improved to meet the growing demands of the organization, until finally its space became inadequate. No more could be obtained, and the erection of the new First National plant was necessitated.

In much the same manner, and for a similar reason, Famous Players-Lasky deserted another historic bit of studio property which has long been a Hollywood landmark, the old Lasky studio at the corner of Vine Street and Sunset Boulevard.

Lasky's production expansion necessitated the change to the studio that First National was leaving, thus for the first time since the Famous Players-Lasky company and its parent companies began production on the West Coast, separating Paramount's western producing companies from their central Hollywood location. The old studio, which is being dismantled, was originally in the



A street on the lot at Lasky's

center of the village, and when that village grew into a city its growth had continued to center around what had been in the past its most important motion picture plant.

The new Lasky studio, reared upon the site of the United, ex-Brunton, ex-Paralta, ex-Clune studios, is entirely rebuilt upon very extensive plans, and the new plant will be one of the best-equipped and most efficient in the West. It is built upon a condensed, well-planned system that will care for the company's needs for years to come. Office buildings that rear skyward and reverse the entire low-built, rambling tradition of West Coast studios of the past replace

the old bungalow offices that once graced the Melrose Avenue front of the plant, and behind them, the ground is covered by an orderly arrangement of huge stages and closely-knit supporting units of production.

The change from the old rather haphazard method of building arrangement in the studio lot is also significant of the whole movement for production expansion that has forced some studios to seek quarters just outside Hollywood, and others to move to larger space within the city. Even on the big expanse of the new First National lot, the efficient production unit system that uses the stage

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Aerial View of First National plant at Burbank, Cal.

A Dream Come True

by RUTH M. TILDESLEY

HE MOST advanced step in motion pictures during the past ten years has taken place with the perfection of "Natural Vision" photograph, and stereoscopic projection. Dr. P. John Bergren, Swedish inventor, George K. Spoor, capitalist of Chicago and one of the early picture pioneers, and Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, who is now directing this first picture of new type, are responsible for this marvelous invention which experts believe will serve to revolutionize the entire picture industry.

Dr. Bergren came to George K. Spoor in Chicago more than ten years ago with the germ of an idea—and Mr. Spoor, after listening to the inventor's plea, became interested. That they worked for those ten long years to perfect stereoscopic projection and "natural vision" photography, is past history, but that they succeeded is the most interesting and startling news in many moons.

George K. Spoor has long counted Commodore Blackton one of his closest friends and while the former Vitagraph owner had nothing to do with the laboratory experiments, his name was constantly in the back of Mr. Spoor's mind whenever a director was mentioned. Thus it is that J. Stuart Blackton is given the honor to bring the first stereoscopic motion picture to public view.

Down at the old Fine Arts Studio, where "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" were born, this new and wonderful dream is coming true. With this natural vision picture we no longer see shadows moving on a flat surface—shadows sometimes distorted if we sit too far to one side of the theatre—but a perfect likeness as seen in actual vision. Its gift to the screen is the third dimension, depth.

We who are accustomed to regulation sets are amazed at the depth and width of those used by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton for "The Flag Maker," as the initial production is called.

There is one set which shows a general store in a small town—a store containing a post office, a soda fountain and departments selling everything from hats to Ford cars. The commodore, in his white sweater, stands beside the new two hundred pound camera, which he affectionately refers to as his "whirling bathtub," and lifts his megaphone.

"Camera!"

In the foreground, Bessie Love and a trio of pretty girls giggle with the clerk at the soda fountain; Banks Winter, the postmaster, passes out an agricultural journal to an old farmer at the post of-

fice window half way down the long store; Evelyn Selbie and a neighbor match silk at the dry goods counter in the rear, while other small-towners loiter here and there about the emporium.

If this were an ordinary picture made with a standard camera, Mr. Winter and Miss Selbie and their companions would be out of focus while Bessie and the girls were registering upon the silver sheet. But with the magical monster grinding away at the commodore's elbow, we are assured that every person on the set will be as distinct to the spectator as he would be if the scene were enacted on a stage in any theater.

WINNER!



GEORGE K. SPOOR

The natural vision film is twice as wide and one and one-half times as high as ordinary film, and when thrown on the screen the picture is forty-two feet wide, twenty-three feet high and as deep as the eye can see.

"We must progress," observed the commodore, "The old film was marvelous in its day, but it is hard on the eyes now that nickelodeons have grown into coliseums. Screens have come to look like postage stamps stuck on billboards. It's taken us ten years to perfect this invention, but we have it now."

Commodore Blackton is one of those who blaze new trails. He was a pioneer in five-reel feature productions, and in natural color photography, and he planned and financed the first fan magazine.

It takes two to handle "Big Bertha," as the cameramen call their new charge. Major Marvin Spoor, brother of George K. Spoor, and Conrad A. Luperti, who has been associated with Mr. Spoor for seventeen years, share the honor of con-

ducting "Big Bertha" through her first paces.

"After the perfection of the new camera, one of our first 'takes' was Niagara Falls," said Mr. Luperti, "The thing was hard to get and while we were doing it we had to get right down into the water. We growled to each other, as we slipped and slid about, that nobody could make anything out of this—we couldn't see much spray ourselves and what could poor Bertha do? But when we saw it on the screen, we gasped, hard-boiled as we are. It was so real we felt we could put our hands in it and touch the sparkle of the water! There was a tree in the foreground, but it was no more distinct than the Canadian shore miles across the falls."

Because the director and company cannot see rushes of the natural vision film, there is a Bell and Howell camera on the set, too, which works beside Big Bertha. William S. Adams, who has ground the commodore's cameras since 1908, is in charge. Adams is also responsible for the lighting of the unusual sets. "Bill" is the trouble shooter, the watch dog on the set, for a Bell and Howell camera cannot get the depth on the deep sets or the width of the wide sets, but it gives a general idea of what is going on.

"My rushes are like looking through the wrong end of a telescope, as there are no close-ups in the new method," explained Mr. Adams, "My camera takes sixty feet of film to Big Bertha's ninety, so you can imagine the difference."

One especially wide set used contains the bedroom, living room and kitchen of the house where Jane (Bessie Love) lives. Action in two of these rooms was being recorded by Big Bertha while I watched the scene.

In the living room, Bessie was learning the latest dance steps from Ward Crane, the villain of the piece; in the kitchen, Charlie Ray was washing dishes while Dickie Brandon, Bessie's small brother "Niles," dried them.

It was like a scene on the stage, for they didn't move the cameras to show Charlie at the sink, then move them to show Bessie dancing, then close-up of Charlie's misery, then to a long shot of little Dickie dancing with the dish towel and sugar bowl to the music he hears from the next room. It was continuous action from the time Bessie admitted the oily villain bearing the phonograph to the moment Charlie passed unnoticed through the living room and went out into the night.

"This means the end of the 'beautiful

(Continued on Page 10)



Bessie Love—she's "Jane Wilton"

It Is
Indeed
A Sincere
Tribute
to be
The Original
"Stereoscopic"
Heroine
Thanks to
GEORGE K. SPOOR
and
J. STUART BLACKTON

BESSIE LOVE

A Dream Come True

(Continued from Page 8)

and dumb,'" declared Mr. Blackton. "Every actor must have thorough training and wide knowledge of technique. The director in the old pictures tells his lovely dumbbell to enter the room and see a mouse. He does it for her. He even yaps for her when she sees the mouse. Then they cut to the instigator of the mouse, and then back to the l. d. on the table, holding her skirts as instructed by the director. The l. d. had no occasion to use brains even if she had possessed them.

"Every member of this cast is capable and experienced, but even so we must have longer rehearsals than is customary with the old-style camera. The stage actor will come into his own, for he is used to sustained action."

The author of the screen play is Jewel Spencer, and Marion Constance Blackton, daughter of the commodore, adapted it and wrote the continuity.

"I read the story one evening after dinner," confided the commodore, "and was much impressed. When Marion came in about 11 o'clock, I gave it to her, saying no more than that I should like to have her reaction to it. She read it at once, and came to me, delivering the classic comment: 'Pop, it's a pip!' . . . And it is!"

The cast is no less enthusiastic.

Charlie Ray plays Bill Smith, who represents any American boy after the World War, coming home broken and disillusioned to find both his girl and his job pre-empted by the man who stayed at home. Since all the veterans of the movies, along with the industry itself, are "still in their infancy," it is no insult to call Charlie a veteran. He made his first big hit in the title role of "The Coward," which was really intended to star Frank Keenan. Charlie played cowards until somebody discovered he made an ideal country boy, when he was condemned to portray bucolic youths.

In 1920 he branched out for himself, against the advice of his friends, and lost a great deal of money attempting to make an artistic costume picture. He hated to be a type and wanted to prove that he could play anything. In the last few years he has convinced producers that he can make as good a showing in a farce as in a tragedy, that he can portray a man-about-town and a fireman with equal ease.

His fellow players to a man are loud in praise of Charlie as "Bill Smith." The role holds chances of comedy, pathos and drama and the actor makes the most of every situation.

Bessie Love was a little girl going to

high school when she decided she wanted to "go into pictures."

"I went down to the Griffith lot where pictures were being made. It was right here at the Fine Arts Studio!" glowed Bessie, "While I was arguing with the secretary, D. W. peeked through the office door and saw me. The secretary had just about persuaded me to go back where I came from when D. W. sent out word that he would like to see me. He gave me a part in a comedy he was making, called 'The Flying Torpedo,' in which I was a Swedish girl. The part turned out to be the lead, much to my amazement, and resulted in a five-year contract. I've been in pictures ever since.

"I've been doing little gingham girls most of the time, so I feel right at home in the gingham sequences of this picture. I like it all, though. It thrills me to be part of a great discovery."

Evelyn Selbie, who plays the sympathetic role of the boarding-house keeper, has had many years' experience on stage and screen. She began with the Proctor Stock Company in New York, was featured head of her own road company and is well known and loved in San Francisco and San Diego stock.

Her first picture experience was with George K. Spoor in Western Essanay as leading woman, when her riding stunts created a sensation. Even in those early days, Miss Selbie realized that moving pictures were destined to be one of the world's greatest industries; she also knew that the life of a leading woman was short and presently asked to have a chance to work into characters. Later, with Universal, she played everything from sixteen to sixty in their stock company. With this wonderful training, it is not surprising that Miss Selbie's old mother in Commodore Blackton's "Hell Bent for Heaven" created such a sensation.

"I am looking forward to the finished picture as if I were a child who had been promised a new doll for Christmas," said Miss Selbie, who looks on the new invention with the eyes of the audience. "We will be able to follow the screen story more closely. Just as we get interested in what the villain is doing to his mother-in-law, we won't be distracted by a close-up of the star looking out of the window. We'll get the glamor of the stage on the screen."

Maurice Murphy, who plays Evelyn's son, is once more a patriotic little citizen. Maurice is the boy who gave a magnificent performance as the child "Beau Geste," recently. He appeared on the screen four years ago, but his first big role was in "Peter Pan." Maurice is invaluable to any director when there are other children on the set, for Maurice immediately makes himself responsible for the acting, amusement and instruction of such infants. He is now oc-

cupied with small Dickie Brandon, to whom he is a hero.

Wilfred North, who has long been associated with Commodore Blackton, is general manager of the company, and Ray Kirkwood and Stanley Orr are assistant directors. J. Stuart Blackton, Jr., handles the production end of the unit.

A word about Wilfred North is not amiss. North, who has been an associate of Commodore Blackton for many years, was long a director for the old Vitagraph Company, when that organization was in the heyday of its glory. North it was who made many of the John Bunny-Flora Finch comedies then so popular, and later he served as director to the Talmadge girls. In taking over the General Management of the Spoor-Blackton unit North has been given an important post and one that he is well qualified to fill. He will act as the Commodore's confidential assistant in all matters pertaining to the further activities of the Spoor-Blackton organization.

It might be well to mention just here that Samuel Rothafel, familiarly known as "Roxy" wherever theatre patrons are to be found, has placed his name at the top of those who desire to show the first natural vision photoplay—and if when the picture is finished it comes up to the expectations of George K. Spoor, no doubt but that "The Flag Maker" will first be shown to the New York public in the "Roxy Theatre." This is a tribute not only to George K. Spoor, but to Charles Ray, Bessie Love, Ward Crane, Evelyn Selbie, Mr. Blackton, and everyone who has been connected with the success of this gigantic undertaking.

Further Mr. Spoor has decided that in the very near future he and Director Blackton will launch the second of the "natural vision" pictures. Neither story or cast has been selected, but it is the plan of the organization to secure the best possible motion picture material insofar as story goes. Also no expense in cast will be too great, Mr. Spoor believing that the cast and story is the thing—or how many times has it been proven that with a meager screen play the finest cast has been handicapped, and at the mercy of motion picture critics when their efforts came to public view.

With the huge expenditure of money so far it would be foolish economy to purchase a weak story—and a mediocre cast for the picture to come. But Spoor and Blackton, having their own releasing organization, will consider first the finest material with which to make their future productions.

The Commodore leaves for Chicago just as we go to press with the final shots of "The Flag Maker" safely encased in "film cans." He said before departing, "If the first natural vision motion pic-

(Continued on Page 16)

Wait Until You See the First Natural Vision Picture!



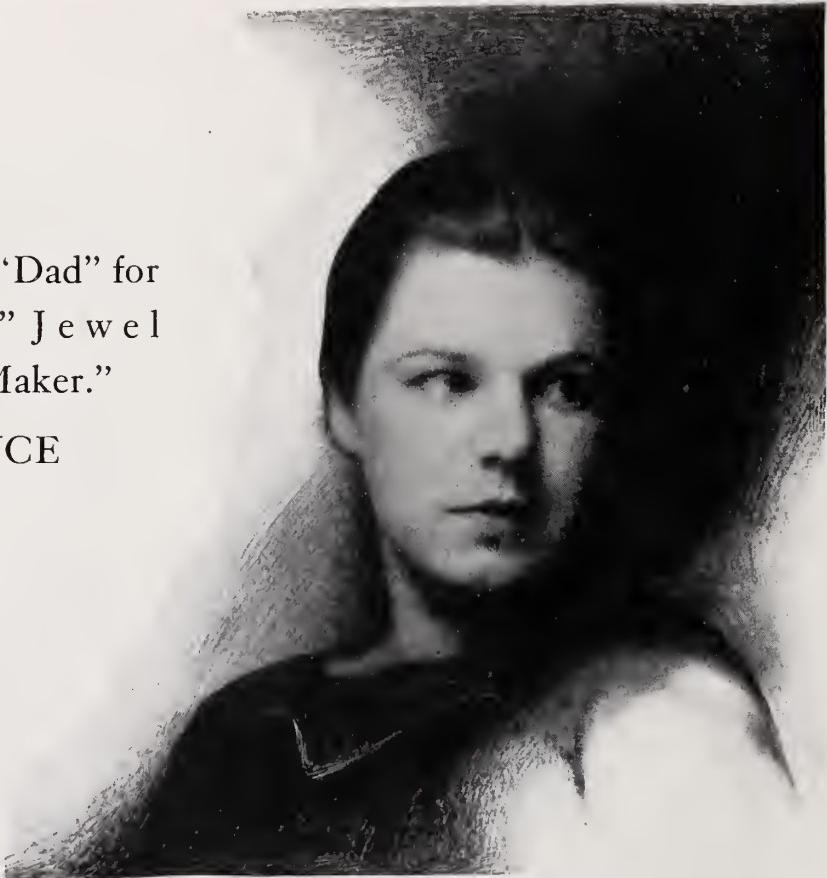
A scene from "The Flag Maker"—J. Stuart Blackton, Directing

My Sincere Thanks to
GEORGE K. SPOOR
for the
Honor of Directing the First
Natural Vision Motion
Picture

J. STUART BLACKTON

Thanks to G. K. S. and my "Dad" for the opportunity to "scenarize" Jewel Spencer's story "The Flag Maker."

MARION CONSTANCE
BLACKTON



MARION CONSTANCE BLACKTON



SAMUEL
FRIEDMAN

Our Facilities Are

Such that the Spoor-Blackton Company immediately chose the Fine Arts Studio for the First Natural Vision Photoplay—a tribute to our efficiency, and their good judgment.

SAMUEL FRIEDMAN
Vice-President Fine Arts Studio

The Villain Says:

“Just to be different—I have no photograph”



I hope no one in the motion picture industry will believe I'm as "bad" as I appear in J. Stuart Blackton's "vision" picture—I'm just a young man who thrives on "hisses."



WARD CRANE



JEWEL SPENCER
Author of "The Flag Maker"

I wrote
"The Flag Maker"
and
am thrilled
to know
that it will be visioned
in stereoscopic
projection.

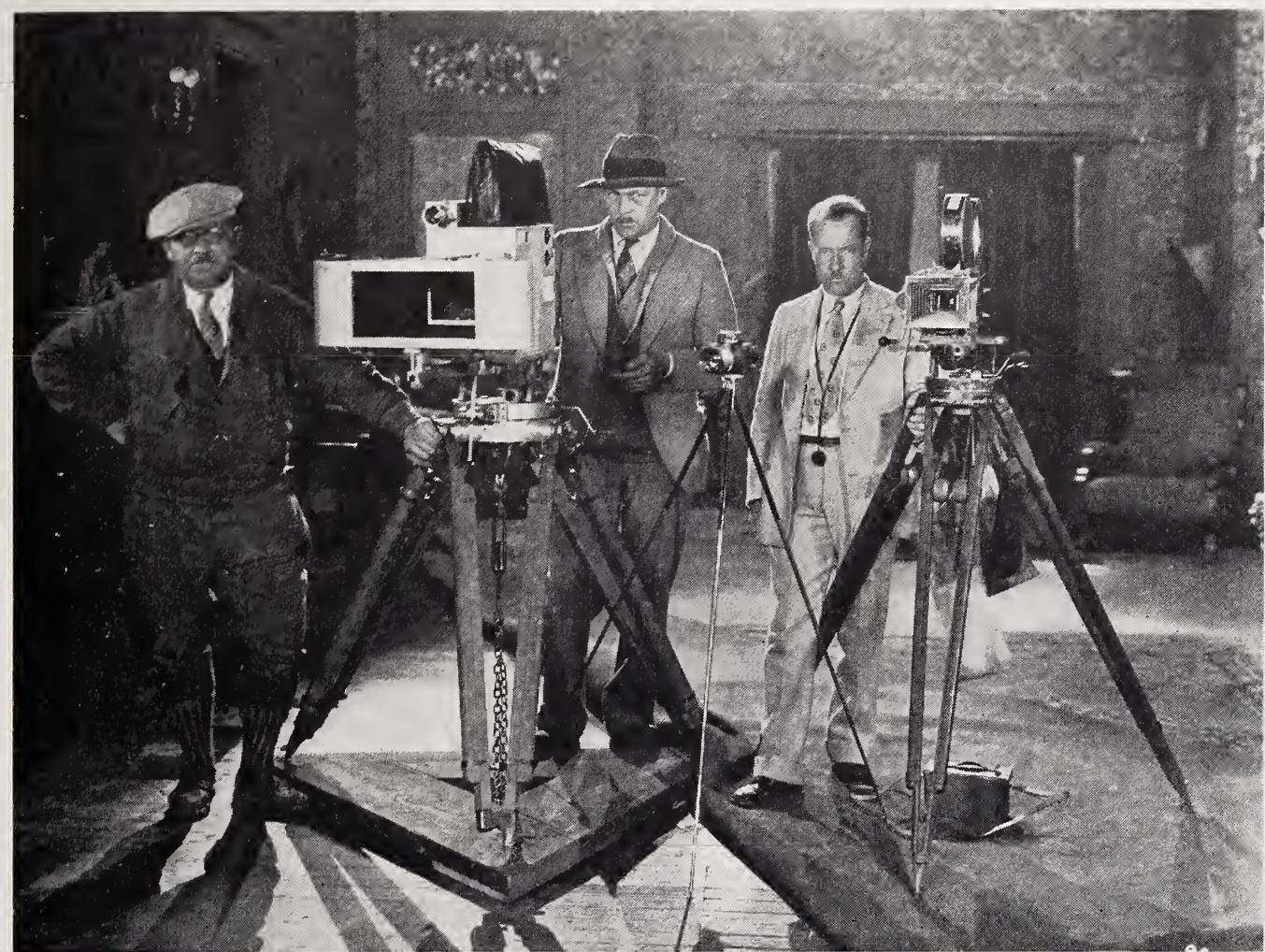
JEWEL SPENCER

The first
old-fashioned "Mother"
you
have ever seen—
who is
her own size
on the
silver screen.



EVELYN SELBIE

EVELYN SELBIE
Who plays "Mrs. Williams"



CONRAD LUPERTI

MR. J. MARVIN SPOOR

WILLIAM S. ADAMS

The camera staff of the first stereoscopic photoplay

"Wasn't it a lot of fun?"

WILFRED NORTH

General Manager

SPOOR-BLACKTON COMPANY



WILFRED NORTH
General Manager of the Company

A Dream Come True

(Continued from Page 10)

ture is not a complete success it will be the greatest blow of my life. However, I feel that we have made a really fine production in 'The Flag Maker.' George Spoor's telegrams regarding the film which has been developed in Chicago, have been most encouraging—and Mr. Spoor is not the man to mince matters if he is not satisfied. Just a word of thanks to all those who have helped me in this huge undertaking. I have never received such marvelous treatment at the hands of my associates as I have during the filming of this picture. I firmly believe Charles Ray has given the finest performance of his career, Bessie Love was ideally cast, and there is no finer 'heavy' in the business than Ward Crane. Evelyn Selbie, Maurice Murphy, J. P. Lockney, Banks Winter, Dickie Brandon and the rest of the players have made me very happy by their work. They are all wonderful troopers.

"Further I must express my sincere appreciation to the United States Navy, to officials of the Navy Yard in San Diego and to the gobs, who gave me such co-operation and assistance. I know not what would have happened without them.

"And to Sam Friedman, that genial host at the Fine Arts Studio, my best wishes. We found the boys at Fine Arts the snappiest go-get-'em crowd at any rental studio in Hollywood."

It seems that with the general enthusiasm shown by every member of the Spoor-Blackton unit, success is the only thing possible. Safely we may say a dream is coming true.

"BOBBY"



MAURICE MURPHY
Who gives a fine performance in
"The Flag Maker"

One of the nicest things about "natural vision" is that no matter how bad our seats in the theatre may be, we shall not behold curious creatures with thin, spiky heads, noses three feet long and strange bottle-like bodies. The scene will be perfect from any angle.

We have already seen pictures in natural colors and heard voice synchronization. This year of 1927 will see the combining of the three great advancements in picture production—then we will have reached the highest goal in the industry—the ideal picture, natural vision, color and voice.

Coming out of the East about a year ago, totally ignorant of motion picture production in any of its phases, Samuel Friedman, now vice-president and general manager of Fine Arts Studio, probably the largest independent film leasing plant in the West, evidences the fact that common sense and a business training are the chief requisites in studio management.

Formerly one of Cincinnati's prominent financiers, Friedman decided to cast his lot in the West with Hollywood as his ultimate destination. Upon his arrival here early in 1925, he decided to interest himself in the motion picture industry and he purchased a substantial interest in the studio plant he now manages.

Immediately following Friedman's advent in the Fine Arts concern, things began to happen. New stages were constructed and the lighting and property equipment of the plant was augmented by several thousands of dollars' worth of modern devices. Another innovation introduced by the erstwhile financier was an equitable leasing contract, giving producers, large or small, an opportunity to film pictures on a cost plus basis and with overhead expenses trimmed to the minimum.

In the year Friedman has presided over the destiny of the Fine Arts plant, which, by the way, was the original production home of D. W. Griffith, many large companies have moved into the plant. Among those who produced pictures in that period at the leasing studio are First National, J. Stuart Blackton, Jackie Coogan, Pathé, Charles Rogers, Harry J. Brown, Preferred Pictures, Sterling Productions and scores of others.

Friedman is now recognized as one of the leaders of the motion picture independents and although not a producer himself he has done much for that group of screen impressarios who have no regular studio affiliation. Friends of the studio executive predict a brilliant career for him and it is hinted that it will not be long before Friedman will be making pictures himself in addition to supervising the management of his space leasing plant.



RAY KIRKWOOD
Assistant to Mr. Blackton

Being
An Assistant
Director
With

J. STUART BLACKTON

Suits Me
to a "T"

RAY KIRKWOOD

A Tribute—

to those who have made this marvelous production, the
first Stereoscopic motion picture possible:—

To CHARLES RAY—for a perfect performance.

To BESSIE LOVE—for her own sweet self.

To WARD CRANE—my favorite “villian.”

To EVELYN SELBIE—a true artist.

To MAURICE MURPHY—my “boy” friend.

To DICKIE BRANDON—without you, Dickie? What then?

To J. P. LOCKNEY—a real trooper.

To WILFRED NORTH—my General Manager and true friend.

To MARION CONSTANCE BLACKTON—my scenarist and inspiration.

To JEWEL SPENCER—for a great story.

To “BILLY” ADAMS, CONRAD LAPERTI, MARVIN SPOOR, BOB SPOOR and CHARLES KAUFMAN—my technical staff—who have served faithfully and well.

To RAY KIRKWOOD and STANLEY ORR—my capable directorial assistants.

To J. STUART BLACKTON, JR., (my son) and Production Manager.

and finally to

GEORGE K. SPOOR

who made all this possible

My Sincere thanks

J. STUART BLACKTON

WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

COMPILED FEBRUARY 1, 1927

Del Andrews	DIRECTING an All-Star cast in "The Wisecrackers" for F. B. O.	John Gorman	Preparing "A Broadway Drifter" with All-Star cast for Gorman Productions.	James Parrot	Shooting an untitled story with Charles Chase for Hal Roach.
Lloyd Bacon	Preparing his "White Flannels" for the All-Star production of Warner Bros.	Edmund Goulding	Shooting "Frisco Sal" for M-G-M.	Harry Pollard	Shooting with an All-Star cast the classic "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for Universal.
Clarence Badger	Directing Bebe Daniels in "The Kiss in a Taxi" for Paramount.	Walter Graham	Preparing an untitled comedy featuring Jack Duffy for Christie.	Al Ray	Shooting "Love Makes 'Em Wild" starring Harron-Phipps for Fox.
Harold Beaudine	Directing Bobby Vernon in "Shure Fire" for Christie. Also Neal Burns in an untitled comedy. Also "Wild and Woozy" with Jimmy Adams.	David Wark Griffith	Preparing for his stupendous production of "The Holy Grail."	Herman Raymaker	Shooting "The Gay Old Bird" starring Louise Fazenda, for Warner Bros.
Spencer Bennett	Shooting "Melting Millions" for Pathé.	E. A. Griffith	Preparing "Red, White and Blue" for M-G-M.	Steven Roberts	Directing the tireless Al St. John in an untitled Mermaid comedy.
J. Stuart Blackton	Shooting "The American" a super-production with All-Star cast. The first Natural Vision motion picture drama ever filmed. A. J. Stuart Blackton Production.	Fred Guiol	Preparing an untitled story for Mae Busch—a Hal Roach Production.	Al Rogell	Directing Ken Maynard in "Somewhere South in Sonora" for Charles Rogers.
Frank Borzage	Preparing "Seventh Heaven" featuring the Gaynor-Farrell combination for Fox.	David Hartford	Preparing "Rose of the Bowery" with All-Star cast for the David Hartford Productions.	Wesley Ruggles	Preparing one of the "College Series" for Universal.
Howard Bretherton	Directing Rin-Tin-Tin in "Hills of Kentucky" for Warner Bros.	Hobart Henley	Directing the Davies-Moore combination in "Tillie the Toiler" for M-G-M.		
Monte Brice	Directing the Beery-Sterling comedy team in "Casey at the Bat" for Paramount.	Al Herman	Shooting an untitled picture for Al Herman starring Lewis Sargeant.	Al Santell	Directing Colleen Moore in "Orchids and Ermine" for First National.
Clarence Brown	Preparing "Wind" which will star Lillian Gish for M-G-M.	Lambert Hillyer	Shooting "The War Horse" featuring Buck Jones, for Fox.	Edward Sedgwick	Directing William Haines in "Slide, Kelly, Slide" for M-G-M.
Mel Brown	Directing Reginald Denny in "Slow-down" a Universal Production.	Charles Hines	Preparing "All Aboard" featuring Johnny Hines for the B. & H. Enterprises.	Lou Seiler	Directing "The Last Trail" starring Tom Mix—a Fox Production.
Harry J. Brown	Preparing "The Scorcher" with Reed Howes for the H. J. Brown Productions.	E. Mason Hopper	Directing "Getting Gertie's Garter" with Marie Prevost, for Metropolitan.	William Seiter	Preparing "Fast and Furious" to feature Reginald Denny for Universal.
Clyde Bruckman	Preparing "Clear and Cloudy" for Monte Banks.	Wm. K. Howard	Directing "White Gold" with Jetta Goudal, for De Mille.	Scott Sidney	Shooting "No Control" with the Ford-Haver combination for Metropolitan.
Frank Capra	Shooting "Long Pants" with Harry Langdon for First National.	Harry Hoyt	Shooting "Bitter Apples" with Monte Blue, for Warner Bros.	Paul Sloane	Preparing the Irvin Cobb story, "Turkish Delight" with All-Star cast for De Mille.
Edwin Carewe	Directing the Dolores Del Rio and Rod La Rocque team in the Carewe feature production of Tolstoy's "Resurrection."	T. Hayes Hunter	Directing Priscilla Dean in a Columbia feature.	Edward Sloman	Shooting a Universal production, "The Deacon" with Jean Hersholt.
Charles Chaplin	In Statu Quo.	Charles Hutchison	Directing Wm. Fairbanks in "Shooting High" for Bischoff Productions.	Noel Smith	"Snarl of Hate" in preparation for Samuel Bischoff.
Roy Clements	Preparing "Wanted—A Coward" with All-Star cast for the Roy Clements Production Co.	Ralph Ince	Preparing the "Hello Girl" for Conway Tearle—an F. B. O. Production.	Ben Stoloff	Shooting "AWOL" starring Cameron-Phipps, for Fox.
Eddie Cline	Preparing "Let It Rain" for Douglas MacLean.	Fred Jackman	Preparing an untitled story for Hal Roach.	Paul Stein	Shooting "Don't Tell the Wife" with Irene Rich, for Warner Bros.
Francis Corby	Directing an All-Star cast in "Mike and Ike" for Stern. Sunkist Comedy in preparation for Al Nathan.	Robert Kerr	Directing an untitled comedy with Bobby Ray for Schlank Productions.	Frank Strayer	Preparing a Columbia serial.
Donald Crisp	Preparing "Vanity" starring Leatrice Joy—a De Mille Production.	Charles Lamont	Shooting an untitled Tuxedo comedy featuring Johnny Arthur for Educational.	Robert Tansey	Shooting an untitled story with Art Hammond for Hamtan Productions.
Al Davis	Shooting "The Haunted Romance" a Davis Hess Production.	Paul Leni	Directing an All-Star cast in "The Cat and the Canary," for Universal.	Larry Underwood	Preparing the "Bachelor's Baby" with an All-Star cast for Welch.
Robert De Lacy	Directing "Cyclone of the Range" with Tom Tyler for F-B-O.	Robert Z. Leonard	Preparing "The Grey Hat" to feature the Cody-Crawford-Myers combination for M-G-M. Shooting the "Demi-Bride" featuring Norma Shearer and Lew Cody—an M-G-M Production.	C. Van Deusen	Preparing an untitled story featuring Yakima Canut for Goodwill Productions.
Cecil B. De Mille	Directing his super-production "King of Kings" with All-Star cast.	J. P. McGowan	Shooting "Children of Divorce" a Paramount feature.	W. S. Van Dyke	Shooting an untitled Van Dyke story for M-G-M with Joan Crawford.
John Francis Dillon	Shooting "The Runaway Enchantress" a Milton Sills-Gertrude Astor combination for First National.	J. Leo Meehan	Shooting "Tarzan of the Golden Lion" with James Pierce for F.B.O.	Ehrich Von Stroheim	Directing All-Star cast in the "Wedding March."
Allan Dwan	Shooting the "Music Master" in New York with Alec Francis as the star. A Fox Production.	Gus Meins	Directing Belle Bennett in Dorothy Yost's "Mother," for F. B. O.	Bill Watson	An untitled comedy in preparation featuring Billy Dooley for Christie.
Paul Fejos	"Hungarian Rhapsody" in preparation for Premier Films.	Harry Moody	Preparing a Stern Brothers comedy entitled "Newlyweds and Their Baby." Also shooting the Buster Brown Series for Stern with the Trimble-Turner-Pete trio.	Millard Webb	Shooting the June Mathis story "Three in Love," a Stone-Dove-Hughes cast for June Mathis Productions.
George Fitzmaurice	Shooting the "Night of Love" a Colman-Banky combination for De Mille.	F. W. Murnau	Directing McDonald-Horton in "Fortune Hunter" No. 2, for Sovereign Co.	William Wellman	Shooting "Wings," the Paramount super-production with Clara Bow.
Victor Fleming	Shooting the Hagedorn story "The Rough Riders" for Paramount.	Marshall Neilan	Shooting "Sunrise" with Gaynor and O'Brien for Fox.	Cliff Wheeler	Directing an All-Star cast in "Eyes of Envy" for Atma Productions.
James Flood	Directing Corinne Griffith in "Purple and Fine Linen" for the Corinne Griffith Productions.	Roy Neill	Preparing Constance Talmadge for "Carlotta," a Marshall Neilan Production.	Jules White	Shooting an Imperial Comedy, featuring the Conley-Lincoln combination. A Fox comedy.
Francis Ford	Shooting "The Vanishing Breed" featuring Sandow—a Van Pelt Production.	Fred Niblo	Preparing "The Wedding Ring" to feature Durant-Valli for Fox.	Ted Wilde	Directing Harold Lloyd in untitled comedy for Harold Lloyd Productions.
John Ford	Shooting "Upstream" for Fox.	William Nigh	Directing Norma Talmadge in "Camille" for Joseph Schenck.	Bob Williamson	Preparing an untitled story with an All-Star cast for the Orin Jackson Productions.
Jimmy Fulton	Preparing "On the Cuss" with Harold Austin for H. V. Unit.	Jack Noble	Directing Lon Chaney in "Mr. Wu" for M-G-M.	Duke Worne	Preparing "Fighting for Fame" to feature Bennie Alexander—a Duke Worne Production. Preparing the "Trouble Shooter," featuring Billy Sullivan—a Duke Worne Production.
Robert Furer	Preparing an untitled story for the Schlank Productions.	Frank O'Connor	Directing "Burning Gold" for Wm. Luckey.	James Young	Shooting "Driven from Home" with All-Star cast for Chadwick Pictures.

boulevard bull

by george bradley

WICKED Hollywood! It must be so, even the newspapers admit it. Wicked Hollywood! Malignated by writers, damned by deacons,

laughed at by the world, yet Hollywood has a main street just as any town in Iowa!

Wicked Hollywood, indeed? You may throw a stone down the main street any night at eleven-thirty and you won't hit anything but a lamp post.

Yes, we have lamp posts in the village, and the corner drug store is here, too.

Wicked Hollywood is the home of music lovers from the far corners of the earth, here is offered the Pilgrimage Play, likened to that world famous one at Oberammergau, here the marvelous "Bowl" whose destinies are presided over by Alfred Hertz and Sir Henry Wood. Pageants, concerts and recitals play to thousands nightly. On "Bowl Nights" and "Fight Nights" traffic is harder to handle than at any given hour of Forty-second and Broadway. Wicked Hollywood! where artists of the movies stay up until the wee small hours and throw "wild" parties. I was at one of those "wild" ones New Year's Eve and it was as tame as the ferocious lions out at the Universal Zoo. There are more churches and schools in Hollywood as compared to its size than in the City of Los Angeles. Come out to Wicked Hollywood!

APROMINENT banker locally is said to have remarked, "I dislike motion pictures intensely. Fact I wouldn't go to see one if someone gave

me tickets,"—yet at a recent western premier at Grauman's Egyptian Theater, I saw him standing with the rest of the crowd to watch the celebrities of the screen make their grande entrance. Mob psychology is a wonderful thing,

and it's just the same on Main Street as on Broadway.

Show me a novelty and I'll show you a gawky crowd.



CITIZEN
THROWING
BRICK DOWN
MAIN STREET
AT 11:30 PM

APICTURE director was arguing the expenditure of additional monies on his picture. The producer, an independent who was putting up his own hard-earned cash, closed the discussion with the remark: "Make it as we originally planned. You can't be a Von Stroheim on my money."

When one reads a "new name" nowadays in the journals hereabout one does not know if it should be applied to a foreign director, star, a new drink or a sub-division.



Poverty Row!—a street in Hollywood, located at Sunset and Gower. Poverty Row—shaded palm trees on either side, signs of wealth everywhere, a stone's throw from the magnificent Hollywood Athletic Club, one of the finest buildings in the village. Poverty Row!—so named by the wisecrackers, because a group of independent studios are located there. And Mourner's Corner, a bench on Poverty Row, filled with performers unable to obtain employment. When you come to Hollywood look for Mourner's Corner, you'll find it easily.

"THANATOPSIS"—contemplation of death.

George Irving, actor, has builded himself a home in the hills of Holly-

wood and called it "Manatopsis"—contemplation of the manor. Overlooking the sea, Lankershim Valley, Universal City and God's own mountain tops, it is well named. Irving says he is literally "up in the clouds" when

at home—but Mrs. Irving believes in bringing those who visit "Manatopsis," down to earth. Of a Sunday she presides as hostess over a huge pot of beans. Beans! in a castle on the hillside—so much for democracy and the high sounding name George Irving has handed his home on the hill.

What do you like to do that is forbidden?

Pola Negri enjoys a visit to a little, out-of-the-way shop in downtown Los Angeles, where smuggled dresses can be bought for a song.

John St. Polis, eminent character actor, likes to play golf of a Sunday but his wife forbids him. Honestly.

John Gilbert is a speed hound—he has paid forty fines—now his speeding is forbidden.

And I, well, I'd like to write the "true story of the movies"—forbidden.



Everybody Calls Him Al

By Bert Bernard

IN 1916 he and his brother Charlie started their comedy motion picture company with a bank roll of something like \$6000, and today he owns one of the best equipped studios in Hollywood, has a kennel of the finest pedigreed dogs in the world, is almost financially independent, makes Europe at least once a year, and still "everybody calls him Al."

Such is the reputation of Al Christie, one time director of comedies for Nestor and later Universal, now a producer of the rib-tickling type of film in his own right, and one of the best-known sportsmen in Southern California.

"Everybody calls him Al." From the least important stage carpenter, to his highest salaried employee, the Boss is "just plain Al"—and he likes it.

Christie has never known an "up-stage" day in all the years he has been associated with motion pictures, according to those who know him well, and to this particular feature many attribute his success. It seems that one may always have a word with Al. He's never too busy to listen, though he has troubles of his own. Al is short on advice, long on cure.

Christie says he's glad "everybody calls him Al."

"I can get more work to the minute from a man who feels he can meet me on even terms, than from one who has the fear of the Lord in his heart for 'the big boss,' and if my associates call me Al, they know I'll call them Jim, or Bill, or other things if they deserve them.

"No, sir! They're aren't any bosses on the Christie lot, and only one man who has to take the guff every day. There's plenty of guff, and trouble in this business, you know, so I've appointed my brother Charlie as chief guffer, and trouble shooter. I've turned over all my worries to him; he's a big, husky fellow and can stand it. Now that the details of the business are in his hands I have time to attend to the production of our comedies. It works great."

The writer wants to delve for a moment into the career of Al Christie. His was far from meteoric, as that expression is defined today. There have been few sky-rockets in Al Christie's rise to success. His has been a matter of hard plugging, trying to make pictures the public wants—and at last Al thinks he has the trick in hand. Christie's policy is a simple one—but all successful policies are simple. Al makes pictures by reading the newspapers, getting the trend of the public mind, feels the pulse of their desires—and then starts shoot-

ing. Christie varies this procedure a trifle on occasion by following "successes." By that I mean that his idea is to make in two reels a picture that follows along comedy lines, the productions of the larger companies.

For instance, should there be a flair for sea pictures Al Christie will order a two-reel comedy of the salty variety; should the public demand an army epic Al will construct one in just two reels. Then there is the topical type such as Bobby Vernon makes. Bobby for a long time featured the country-boy role, and still does to a certain extent, but his pictures of late have taken a decided turn toward public popularity because of the subjects chosen. You'll see Bobby as a Scotchman, an Italian, a Spaniard, and a Frenchman this year. So Al keeps up with the times and the de-

mands of his picture-going public. He admits he is always trying to keep "just a step ahead," though in no sense is he an iconoclast or a "set the style" producer.

"To save time is to lengthen life," is a Christie motto, so the Christie's specialize on two-reel comedies and have made marvelous strides in development.

Fifteen years ago Christie took the first motion pictures to Hollywood with a little group of then unknown actors. Today there are twenty-four studios actively making pictures in the film center of which Hollywood is the hub, making a total of 114 new films in actual production this date.

When Al Christie took Hollywood's first pictures as manager and comedy director of the Nestor company which prospected westward in 1911, the first



AL CHRISTIE
California sportsman, just plain "Al" to his friends

movie, a little three-hundred-foot affair, was shot without benefit of fancy electrical equipment in an orange grove on Hollywood boulevard where now stands the Regent Hotel, owned and operated by the pioneer Christie brothers, Al and Charles, the latter of whom is now president of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, which numbers in its ranks companies capitalized at many millions of dollars, and operating in a group of the finest studios in the world, which, the producers say, will always stay in Hollywood and its environs.

Although Al Christie pioneered to Hollywood in 1911 and started the film capitol's first studio, it was not until January 6th, 1916, that the Christie Film Company was formed as an independent producing company and thus this month marks the tenth anniversary of the company as an organization. The ten years of operation have seen the comedy business grow with remarkable strides and attain a position of respect in the motion picture industry.

Today—ten years after the little pioneer company was organized with a few thousand dollars capital, Laugh Month is being celebrated through the length and breadth of America, and the entire motion picture industry is pointing with pride to the comedies which have been the outstanding step forward in the picture business of the last few years.

The progress of comedy in the two-reel field as well as in feature pictures has received a most remarkable impetus this last year with the release of pictures which have focused the attention of movie fans and exhibitors on the fact that this is a business of ENTERTAINMENT, and in entertaining the public it is generally the laugh makers among the successful pictures which ring the bell the hardest.

The Christie company specialized in one-reel comedies and released them through independent exchanges from 1916 until 1920. The featured players in these comedies were Betty Compson, Neal Burns, Billy Rhodes, Harry Ham, Ethel Lynne, Eddie Barry, Jimmie Harrison, Jay Belasco, Patricia Palmer, Billy Mason, Bobby Vernon, Elinor Field, Dorothy Dane, Clarine Seymour, Earl Rodney, Dorothy Devore, Helen Darling, Vera Steadman, and many others. At the same time a large number of Mutual-Strand one-reel comedies were produced by the same company.

Then came Christie's first series of two-reel comedies, also released through the state-right market. There were twelve of these featuring such players as Fay Tincher, Molly Malone, Alice Lake, Colleen Moore, Bobby Vernon, Edith Roberts, Neal Burns, and others who continued on through the next era of Christie pictures.

Beginning in July, 1920, Educational Exchanges took over the distribution of

Christie Comedies, which were all of the two-reel variety. Twenty-four comedies were produced in this Christie Educational first series, and the attention of the trade was quickly directed toward the sudden leap into prominence of Educational, which up to that time had dealt only in short subjects of a purely educational and scenic nature.

Christie continued to distribute its product through Educational, releasing twenty-four Christie Comedies in the series of 1921, 22, twenty in the series of 1922-23, and twenty in the 1923-24 series. During these years stars were developed and the two-reel business grew steadily in the regard of exhibitors and the public. The first real efforts on the part of exhibitors to advertise their comedy attractions were made during these years when Christie products were forging to the front of the comedy business.

In the 1924-25 series of pictures but ten Christie Comedies were released, while two new star series were produced, one being Bobby Vernon Comedies and the other Walter Hiers Comedies. The trend toward star series is further indicated when this year a series of Jimmie Adams Comedies was added to the large program which Christie is making for release through Educational Exchanges.

For the releasing season of 1925-26 four great series of two-reel comedies have been made. There are eight Bobby Vernon Comedies, six Jimmie Adams Comedies, and six Billy Dooleys', and ten Christie Comedies, the latter featuring Jack Duffy, this year's most outstanding find, and Neal Burns.

A great host of popular supporting players are seen in these various two-reel series; Frances Lee is the regular lead with Bobby Vernon Comedies; Duane Thompson with Walter Hiers; and Molly Malone opposite Jimmie Adams. Playing supporting leads in the Christie series are such girls as Vera Steadman, and Natalie Joyce. Yola D'Avril, Jean Lorraine, Marian Andre and Aileen Lopez are new faces in the stock company.

The comedians in the stock forces are Bill Irving, Eddie Baker, Lincoln Plummer, Fred Peters and Bill Blaisdell. Others who are playing good roles in the new season's product are Gale Henry, Victor Rodman, Ward Caulfield, Rosa Gore, George Hall, Blandine Payson, Kalla Pasha, Billy Engel, George French, Charles Boyle and many others. Christie's idea is to fill up these casts with the best players available in the entire picture field in Hollywood.

Looks like the Christie's will be pretty busy chaps in 1927. Though Charlie, the guff taker, hides behind an office desk, he's a regular and fit mate for the fellow that "everybody calls Al."

The A. S. C. and Unionism

In the following statement issued through Foster Goss, editor of *The American Cinematographer*, Daniel B. Clark, president of the American Society of Cinematographers definitely establishes the stand of the A. S. C. on the subject of unionism.

"My attention has been called to the published reports concerning a movement afoot in the East to unionize cinematographers. As the president of the American Society of Cinematographers, which represents the foremost cinematographers in the world, I believe it imperative at this time to make known the stand of the A. S. C. in this matter.

"As you well know, we do not oppose unions as a matter of policy or principle. They are very necessary factors in some industries. In the motion picture industry itself, I don't suppose that there is any question that the unions have proved the salvation of the calling of the projectionists.

"However necessary the union may be in other lines, it has no place among cinematographers at this time. I make this statement as based on the accumulated wisdom of the cinematographers for all time past. The idea of a union for cinematographers has come up for discussion many times during the decade that the American Society of Cinematographers has been serving the industry. Each time all logic and reason have proven plainly the fallacy of such a move. Aside from the fact that we believe that cinematography is essentially an art and the cinematographer an artist, we regard his work as individual and distinctive to such a degree that it cannot be stereotyped into a set basis for a wage scale, nor do we think that it will permit of even an "equitable" arrangement in the form of a sliding scale or the like.

"The foregoing represents the views of the American Society of Cinematographers. We do not for a moment take the position that the millennium has arrived in salaries or working conditions for cinematographers. But we believe that the continued recognition on the part of producers of the constructive work that the American Society of Cinematographers has been, and is doing, will do much more for the benefit of all concerned, than any union could. If and when this recognition should fail, then the time might be ripe to talk trade unions for cinematographers; but knowing what the A. S. C. is achieving for the present and what the magnitude of its plans for the future is, I do not think that such a time is imminent in the least."

The "Wave Length" of Success

By JUNE MATHIS

DAY AFTER day I receive letters from various persons throughout this country and from abroad—and even letters from Australia, New Zealand, Japan and other far-away places—all anxious to know the secret of my success and asking my advice; and as far as lies in my power I try to answer each and every one. Nearly always they want to know why *their* stories do not sell, and what they can do to make them marketable. Often they send me a sample of their work. In many cases these stories are crude, school-girl or school-boy efforts, and have nothing to recommend them.

The other day a young man who had been trying for a long time to get a personal interview with me, finally succeeded during a lull in my work. He had ambitions to write, but confessed rather naively that while he had ideas he could not find the words to put them down on paper. I dismissed him with the advice that if he really had the urge to write, the words would come; that there was no magic talisman that I or anyone else could give him that would entice them.

And so I say to all those who really have a talent for writing; if they have the love of the game in their hearts, together with the fortitude to work and carry on, the opportunity will come. Many look at the monetary success of well-known writers and their whole thought is centered on that; whereas, if they will forget ultimate success and simply write because they cannot help writing, and for the very love of the work, success will come unawares—seemingly without striving.

The radio has taught us the value of vibration, and when one is able to tune in on the right vibration through concentrated thought and effort in any channel, he will come in contact with people who stimulate and help him; and carried along by this same force he will eventually reach success. This, I feel to be in a great measure the thing to which I owe my success.

When I was on the stage I seemed only to contact with people interested in theatricals—either those on the stage, or who had been on the stage or who had a relative there. It was always the same; I had tuned in on that vibration and could get no other wave length.

Stage life began to pall on me, and literary ambitions took hold of me. I first tried writing poetry—a sort of inspirational free verse. This was strange, because, while I had always been a great reader I had never cared particularly for poetry. This phase was followed by

a desire to write stories; an indifference to my stage career developed and I began to make a close study of the different types I would come in contact with, and to watch for little dramatic or amusing situations that would crop up here and there. I was mentally placing myself on a different vibration; tuning in, one might say, for another station. I began to meet writers and others interested in literature; editors and those who had friends or relatives connected with the writing game. And out of this grew my first contact with the moving picture industry. Soon I was devoting all my efforts to writing, having forgotten my former aspirations for the stage.

more difficult for the amateur to break in—why the untrained writer cannot break down the wall. It is like trying to get China on the radio.

The trained writer understands the needs of the studios—is familiar with the pet ideas of directors—the ambitions and ideals of the studio executives.

Occasionally a well-known playwright or author breaks into the business and succeeds, and learns to like the irregular hectic life; but the majority of them throw up their hands and declare the whole thing is hopeless; in their opinion the motion picture industry, and those connected with it, are impossible, and they go back to their own work. They have failed to tune in—or to turn their mental dials to the proper wave length, and have not vibrated to the real thought of the industry. For it is a great industry, with many high-minded men at the head of it. They have frequently been criticised as being commercial and money-mad; but this is not true. Many of them have a desire to do fine things, and sometimes produce a number of strictly "commercial" pictures in order to afford the losses from one great artistic venture that will be for the betterment of the industry.

And through all these busy endeavors, they are searching untiringly for new talent, new ideas, fresh brains to help them, and sometimes they become just as hopeless in the search as does the young aspirant looking for an opportunity.

But, remember, you must be properly attuned—you must have something to give—and what you offer must be fresh and original—not cut-and-dried situations and plots that have long become obsolete. There is a market for new brains that are vibrating to the present demands of the screen.

So, you writers, get on the right vibration.

I took a course in literature and story construction and began to absorb as much as possible along these lines; going constantly to the moving picture theatres to study the output of the various producers, until I found myself, as if by magic, in a motion picture studio, writing seriously for a director. And from that time on I have been on the wave length that eventually brought to me whatever success I have had.

Those outside the motion picture business do not realize that people in the industry live pictures, eat pictures and dream pictures. In other words, they think of nothing else; they become veritable slaves to the celluloid, being in a world to themselves. A scenario writer's life becomes just one scene after another; before she is through with one story she is thinking about and planning for another. And that is why it becomes

The appointment of Paul Kohner, Universal casting director, as a unit supervisor is beginning the inauguration of the unit system of production under Henry Henigson's direction at Universal City, according to an announcement from Carl Laemmle.

Roy William Neill, Fox director, was entertaining some guests from Cleveland at a downtown playhouse. After the first act one of them consulted the program and was advised that the second act would be "the same as the first." "Let's not stay," she said to Neill. "We don't want to see it all over again, especially while we could still go to a dance."

Hello Smoky

Following a transcontinental trip that was attended by publicity usually accorded only to royalty and celebrities, Mildred Walker is happily ensconced in Hollywood. She is better known as "Miss Pittsburgh, 1925," but with the exuberance of youth and beauty, she is hopeful that her own name will some day be emblazoned in electric lights as a screen notable.

Miss Walker's advent to the cinema capitol a day or so ago was among the most spectacular in recent annals and even startled blase Hollywood. She was greeted at the depot by cameramen, newspapermen and representatives of the Los Angeles and Hollywood Chambers of Commerce, as well as one or two women's clubs. The Pittsburgh beauty's mission to Screenland is to win a chance before the camera, the climax of a goal which she had set for herself when she won pulchritous laurels at the Atlantic City pageant.

So great was the interest of Pittsburghers in her behalf that when she left that city December 4, a rousing send-off was tendered her at the depot. Two Pittsburgh newspapers covered her entire trip to Hollywood by means of daily stories and through co-operation of the Northern Pacific railroad. Receptions were given her by civic organizations in Fargo, N. D., Milwaukee, Vancouver, B. C., and other cities.

The young screen aspirant, showing no sign of fatigue from her strenuous journey, won friends immediately upon her arrival in Hollywood. Miss Walker's genuine enthusiasm and quick appreciation of what has been done for her so far, coupled with her determination to "make good," are among her assets that those who have met her believe will carry her far.

Marie Prevost will have a scintillating supporting cast in her newest starring vehicle for Metropolitan, "Getting Gertie's Garter." Charles Ray will have the leading male role. Trixie Friganza is another luminary in the cast.

Jerry Miley, "the millionaire actor," had no sooner completed a feature role with Louise Fazenda in "Finger Prints" for Warner Brothers than he was signed by First National to play a leading part with Anna Q. Nilsson and Kenneth Harlan in "Easy Pickin's," a George Archainbaud production.

Sol M. Wurtzel, general superintendent of Fox Films West Coast Studios, announces that the screen version of "Cradle Snatchers," the Broadway hit, will be made in Hollywood instead of in the East as originally planned. Howard Hawks will direct the production.

Announcement

1927 starts off with the promise of being the greatest year in the history of Motion Pictures.

So it is with the MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR of HOLLYWOOD.

After three years of intense labor this publication has reached its place in the sun.

Those connected with it have tried to make the magazine distinctive in its policies, fair in its criticisms and worth while in every way.

As each issue goes into the hands of its readers we feel content—we feel that we have done our best and that the next book will further endear us in the hearts of our supporters.

1927—OUR BIG YEAR. We offer to the motion picture public the printed word of the finest writers, and bid for recognition as the finest magazine of its type anywhere in the world.

—The Editor.

Call a Cop

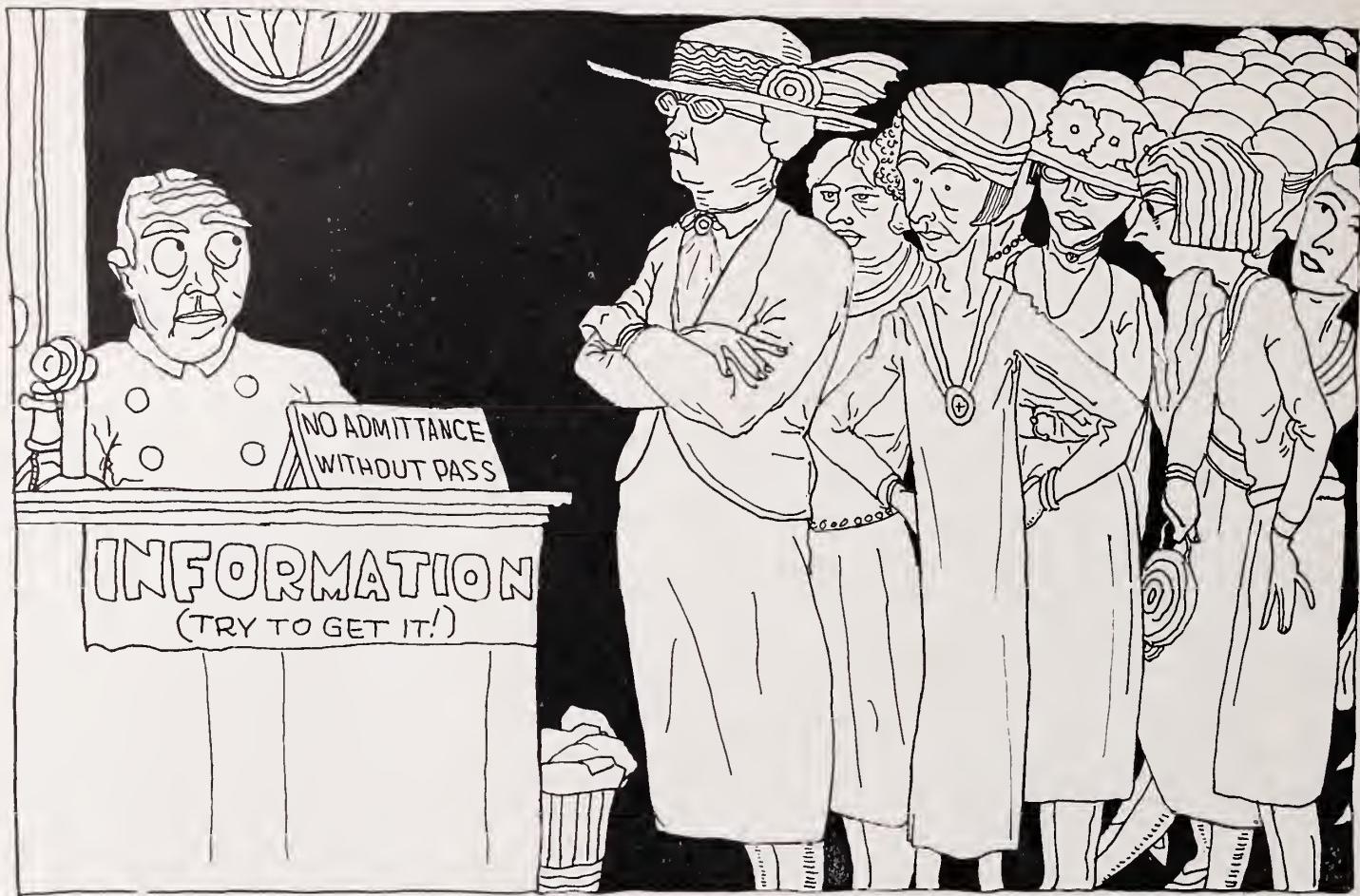
So that they might be correct in every detail the fingerprints of the members of the cast of Warner Brothers' production of "Finger Prints" were made by the finger print expert of the city of Los Angeles. These impressions were made on the same cards with the same ink in exactly the same manner as those of dangerous criminals. There are marked spaces on the card for the right and left hands and separate labeled little spaces for each finger and thumb. That famous team, Graham Baker and Edward Clark adapted the story of "Finger Prints" from the story by Arthur Somers Roche into a thrilling comedy-melodrama with a good admixture of mystery. Louise Fazenda as the supposedly dumb house-maid in the fortune teller's house and John T. Murray as Homer Fairchild, the rube detective are co-starred. The excellent supporting cast includes Helene Costello, Myrna Loy, Martha Mattox, George Nichols, Franklin Pangborn, William Demarest, Robert Perry, Ed Kennedy, Jerry Miley, Doc Stone, and Warner Richmond. Director Lloyd Bacon is said to have injected more than the usual assortment of surprise twists.

F. B. O. announces the purchase of the final effort in a story way of Larry Evans, who lately passed on. The story is "Down Our Way," and was recently printed in the Cosmopolitan Magazine. "Down Our Way" will be a Gold Bond special and will go into production on next year's program. No cast or director has as yet been assigned.

With nearly a thousand negroes on the impressive "Palace of Diamonds" sets at the F. B. O. lot, the big mob scenes of the African fantasy, "Tarzan and the Golden Lion," are being taken under the direction of J. P. McGowan. The rushes on this film are proving it one of the most spectacular productions ever made, and it is to be one of the sensations of the year.

Dorothy Yost, whose treatment of "Uneasy Payments," the current starring vehicle for Alberta Vaughn proved so successful, has been assigned the task of writing the adaptation of "Mother" from Kathleen Norris' story which F. B. O. will shortly produce and which will star Belle Bennett, of "Stella Dallas" fame.

John T. Murray, screen comedian, who plays in "Bardelys the Magnificent," is publishing a book of verse on motion pictures. John T. wrote all his own songs while he was an Orpheum headliner and Winter Garden favorite, and he finds in the studios much material for verse—both comic and tragic.



They Shall Not Pass

by SAM B. JACOBSON

Illustrated by Carroll Graham

A play in one act and some scenes

(Scene: The entrance to Universal City. The sun is shining and the sparrows twitter in the eucalyptus trees that stand like sentries before the entrance hall.

The fountain is playing (as are also a number of buckaroos from the wilds of Chicago seeking fame as movie cowboys.) The latter are playing with a pair of black-spotted cubes.

Suddenly, with a grinding of brakes and squealing of tires, a large bus stops before the studio. Doors are opened, heads appear, followed by a varied assortment of femininity to the ribald amusement of the interested cow-gentlemen. A large woman seems to be in charge of the outfit. This large woman seems to exert a malign influence over her sorority sisters, all of whom aren't a day under forty. The leader, whose name it develops, is Fannie—it would be—marshals her flock together.)

I

FANNIE: "Come, girls, let's organize. We mustn't scatter. Let's all keep to-

gether. Oh, Mrs. Flegel! Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Flegel, come on! We can see the goldfish later. Now you girls just follow me. Let's all stay together. Where's Mrs. Kemp? Oh, Mrs. Ke-emp! Oh, there you are, I didn't see you."

Party advances in a body to the information desk, chattering, giggling, choking traffic, sweeping all before them.

FANNIE: "We should like to go through the studio please."

INFORMATION: "May I see your pass, please?"

FANNIE: "Pass?"

INFORMATION: "Pass."

FANNIE: "Why, I never heard of such a thing. Pass! The idea. Can you imagine, Mrs. Tinkle, he actually asked me if I had a pass!"

INFORMATION: (*Betraying symptoms of acute boredom*) "No pass, no studio!"

FANNIE: (Wheels sharply and is about to explode into shocked reproach when she notes that Information has

resumed his interrupted telephone conversation.)

VOICE: "Perhaps those are his instructions. Hadn't we better go?"

FANNIE (*Determinedly*): "Instructions, my foot! Go, nothing!" (She turns to Information, who by now is half finished with a chocolate bar, ten-cent-size, and is idly turning the pages of the April number of the Hardware and Locksmith's Journal, left there accidentally by a salesman who tried to sell Carl Laemmle a new device for making eggs bounceable) "I'll have you understand that my husband is Humphrey P. Snodgrass and he is a personal friend of Will Hays!!"

INFORMATION: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Snodcrap, no pass, no studio!"

FANNIE: (As she is beginning to find herself discredited in the eyes of the sisterhood, she fears a loss of prestige. Suddenly a bustling assistant director appears. Information opens the door for him and Fannie sees her chance—a fat chance, it developed. Her eyes glitter-

(Continued on Page 41)



MARIE PREVOST
A Box Office Bet for Metropolitan Pictures



GERTRUDE ASTOR

*Everyone knows her as one of the screen's most popular
sirens*



DOLORES DEL RIO
Soon to be seen in "Resurrection"

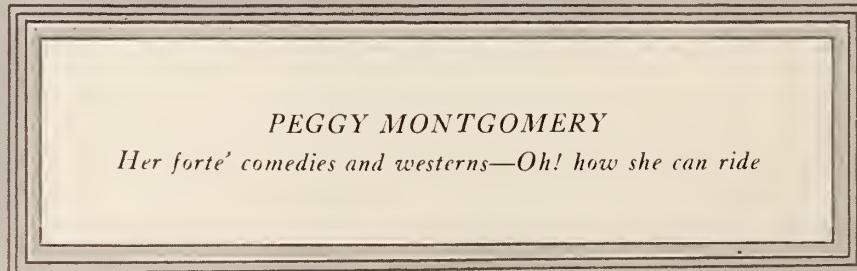


ROD LA ROCQUE

A marvelous performance is promised when "Resurrection" comes to the screen



CISSY FITZGERALD
Suffice to say "screendom's perennial flapper"



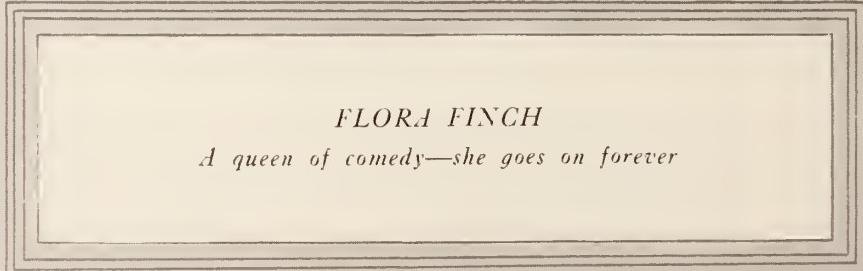
PEGGY MONTGOMERY

Her forte' comedies and westerns—Oh! how she can ride



HAZEL DEANE

A busy screen player and a popular one





EN A GREGORY
She's Mrs. Al Rogell, and a contract player for Universal



MILDRED WALKER

(Miss Pittsburgh)

A contest winner, now with *Metropolitan Pictures*.
Watch her go!



LAMBY LEMLY
A "starlet" you'll hear more about



HARRISON FORD

When you see him in "The Nervous Wreck"—well!



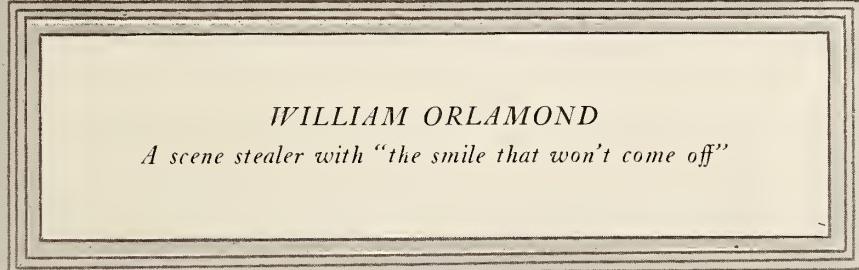
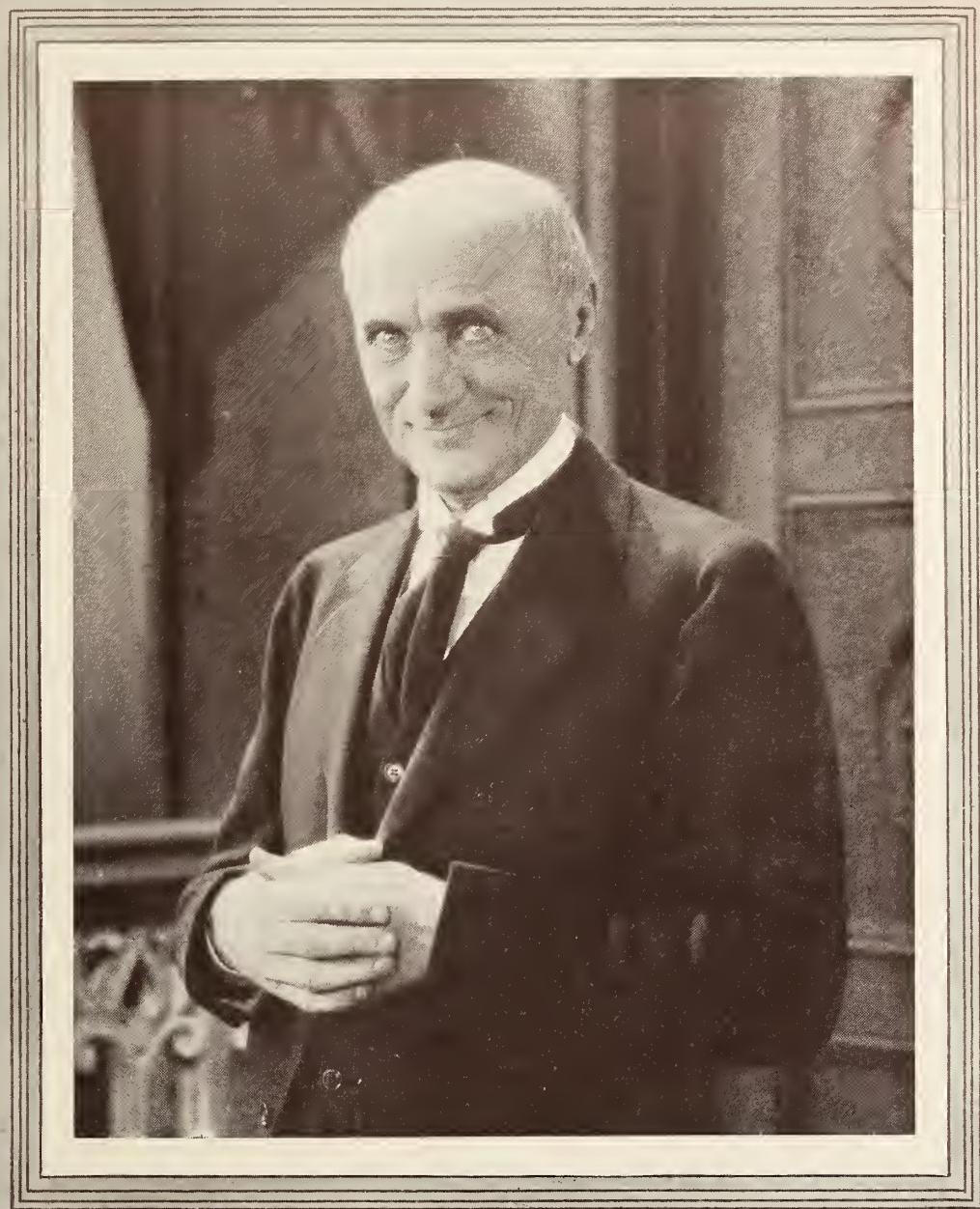
LESLIE FENTON

*Featured in the California Production of "The American
Tragedy"*



WILLIAM V. MONG

Distinctive characterizations have endeared him to countless fans



WILLIAM ORLAMOND

A scene stealer with "the smile that won't come off"



GENE GOWLING

*A recent arrival from the east—who bids for success
through F. B. O.*

“With Malice Toward None.....”

Our Film Shopper Says:

THAT: *TELL IT TO THE MARINES.*

IS: *A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture.*

DIRECTED BY: Tod Browning, with Lon Chaney, Eleanor Boardman, Bill Haines in the cast.

ABOUT: The Marines and the making over of a smart cracking, “stuff-strutting” young weakling recruit into a fine strapping young man with ideals and morals. Lon Chaney, as the hard-boiled Sergeant, does the painstaking making-over for the sake of Eleanor Boardman for whom he feels a hopeless love, and who in turn loves the worthless recruit. All three characterizations are convincingly sustained throughout.

THAT: IT is well worth seeing as the story is strong and full of good humor, pathos and punch. You’ll like it.

THAT: *“IT”*

IS: *A Paramount Picture.*

DIRECTED BY: Madame Glyn and Clarence Badger, with Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno, playing the principal roles.

ABOUT: That world famous thing “IT.” Clara Bow represents the title and carries it off with the vivacious sincerity that is hers.

She is a young clerk in a Department Store who determines to “get” her very indifferent boss. Another damsel has already spoken for him but that means nothing to “its” and of course she “gets” her man. But she almost loses him in the end. The two jilted ones mournfully decide that they are two “itless-it’s” and that’s all.

THAT: This picture is entertainment plus. There is a whimsical bit of humor throughout, which is typical of Madame Glyn. You’ll enjoy it and spend the next two weeks trying to discover the priceless “it” in yourself.

THAT: *THE YANKEE CLIPPER.*

IS: *A P. D. C. Picture.*

DIRECTED BY: Rupert Julian—with William Boyd, Eleanor Fair, John Miljohn, Junior Coughlan in the cast.

ABOUT: A Clipper Ship race for the commercial supremacy of the seas between England and America. The English girl, the American boy, the villainous and cowardly heavy aboard the Yankee Clipper. There is a typhoon with storm pictures unsurpassed, fights, melodrama, almost tragedy and thrills galore with plenty of Romance throughout.

There is a touch of history with Queen Victoria and Zachary Taylor being reproduced for the occasion. There is a tobaccy chewing, tough little stowaway, Junior Coughlan, furnishing many and sundry laughs and a thrill finish worth the price of admission.

THAT: The whole family will enjoy this. The girls—(all ages)—will sigh over Bill Boyd as a hard-fisted, red-blooded picturesque Yank who believes in high-handed methods with capricious ladies and seems most successful. The men will get a “kick” and chuckle out of the thing en toto—and the kids will—whoop ‘er up. So take the family and go.

THAT: *THE NIGHT OF LOVE.*

IS: *Samuel Goldwyn Production.*

DIRECTED BY: GEORGE FITZMAURICE, with Vilma Banky, Ronald Coleman, Montague Love in the Cast.

ABOUT: The old Spanish Gypsy custom of “The Right to the First Night.” The Duke of the Castle and master of all he surveys, comes across a Gypsy wedding just as the Groom is taking off his Bride. The Duke claims the right to the first night and the bride takes her life.

The Gypsy Bridegroom swears in blood and fire he will have vengeance on the Duke. When the Duke is about to marry a Princess for the sake of political policy, the Gypsy, with his band of desperados, claims the right to the first night. Of course, they fall in love and the Duke is branded by the Gypsy and sent back to his Castle.

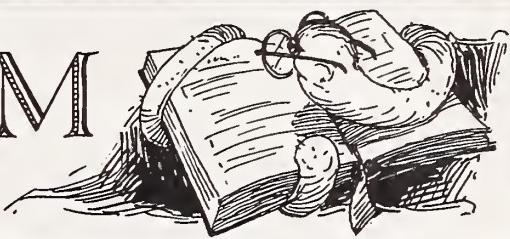
The Princess returns and finds the Duke not making himself particularly miserable in her absence and denounces him. They capture the Gypsy and the Princess saves him through a very amazing and effective miracle—and they live happily ever after.

THAT: This picture will please artist and artisan alike. It has the most exquisite sets and lighting effects pictures have ever known. More swashbuckling romance to the square inch and thrills to the foot than one can count and close-ups of Vilma and Ronald incomparable.

THAT: Women and romantic and unmarried men will rave about it and staid business men and husbands will pooh pooh it, but everyone will secretly—or openly enjoy it. It is well worth the price and the time to see it.

The BOOKWORM

by LUCILLE PETERS



Confessions of An Actor, by John Barrymore (published by Bobbs Merrill Co.).

The wit and modesty with which John Barrymore tells his story entitles him to a place in the ranks of the humorist equal to that he has attained as a celebrity of the footlights—and the Kleig lights. He is frank throughout the entire cheerful narrative. In inimitable style he gives us an amusing glimpse of his early appearance on the stage when at *Cleveland's* on Wabash Avenue in Chicago, as a humble beginner he appeared in the part of "Max" in Suderman's *Magda* in a uniform made for an actor of generous proportions. As the uniform could not be taken up, he had to be built out for the uniform. After the performance, feverishly he waited up all night for the morning newspapers to see what comments had been made upon his work. Only one newspaper carried a notice mentioning him and that one read: "The part of Max was assayed by a young actor who walked about the stage as if he had been all dressed up and forgotten." From this modest beginning to what heights has this brilliant actor attained!

Mr. Barrymore was blessed with great versatility of talent and had he not become an actor might have chosen one of several vocations. He wanted to be a painter and once at an artists' exhibition had the thrill of seeing a sticker with the magic word "Sold" on a drawing of his—a morose subject titled "The Hangman," of which Andrew Carnegie became the proud owner for the sum of ten dollars! He even attempted newspaper illustrating on the New York Evening Journal. His drawings, after the style of Dore, gave impressive weight to the optimistic poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who protested to Arthur Brisbane: "Don't let that pessimistic old swine illustrate anything more of mine," only to be insistent that no one else illustrate her poems after the artist's interview with her when he modestly confessed his inability to draw the feet of his figures which were always buried in long grasses in his drawings. Further than this, if we are to believe Mr. Barrymore's humorous recital, he might even have been successful as a thief, having achieved a deft proficiency along

these lines, stealing his grandmother's jewels and hiding them while the detectives searched the house—only to have his crime detected by the clever Mrs. Drew, who dismissed the detectives and used a well-worn slipper upon her erring grandson. Before this he had pilfered money from other members of the family to buy a rosary for a "symmetrical lady in Philadelphia" many years his senior with whom he fancied himself in love.

Mr. Barrymore admits that he "did not want to be an actor"—that only the dramatic prestige of his famous family forced him into this line of artistic expression and, knowing him only for the excellent work he has done in this profession—having no way to measure the fame he may have attained in any of the above outlined careers, we are thankful for what we have gained from his contribution to the drama, unmindful of what our losses may have been.

The *Confessions* are rich in anecdote and reminiscences and the style is charmingly unconventional. The book only goes to prove that Mr. Barrymore may have attained still another niche for a career, as it definitely places him among the literatti.

* * *

Wild Animals, by Wynant D. Hubbard (published by D. Appleton & Co.).

Mr. Hubbard spent three years in Northern Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa hunting wild animals, capturing, training and shipping them to the zoos in America. Mr. Hubbard's wife—of that stern stuff of bravery of which women hunters are composed—accompanied her husband on his expeditions into the jungles for his catches. With them was a moving picture operator and the usual native boys. Mr. Hubbard has most vividly given accounts of his experiences, describing in detail his first wild elephant hunt and the killing of his first lion. The thrill of this hunt is communicated to the reader by Mr. Hubbard's dramatic recital. An interesting peep into the life of the "babies of Wild Africa" is given in the early part of the book wherein he recounts episodes in the care and feeding—as well as the training—of the captured young of many species—the leopard, cheeta, little antelopes, baboons, civet cats (which among

over five hundred animals were the only ones he was unable to tame), eagles, hawks, vultures, monkeys, wart hogs, zimba cats and a variegated conglomeration of others. Mr. Hubbard gives due credit to the courage and bravery of his wife, who assisted in recapturing a young leopard, which had broken out from his cage where he had been captive for many months. This animal, though partly tame, had become excited by the monkeys caged nearby and breaking loose from his confinement, had gone after a meal of monkey meat. Not wishing to kill or wound the leopard the Hubbards attempted to capture him by grabbing him by the tail to pull him away from the monkey cages. Mrs. Hubbard attempted this dangerous feat while her husband kept the animal covered by his rifle. After several attempts, she actually grabbed the leopard by the tail and talking gently to him pulled him back in this strange manner to his wire cage and snapped a new collar around his neck. The book, profusely illustrated, is full of such interesting and intimate experiences and one is impressed by Mr. Hubbard's extraordinary sympathy for and understanding of the animals. For the general reader and the sportsman the book makes absorbing reading.

* * *

Less Than Kin, by Charles Caldwell Dobie (published by John Day Co.).

This book, the first off the press of the John Day Co., who since have brought out many remarkable works of fiction, will prove doubly interesting to most of our readers owing to the fact that Mr. Dobie is a native son and that his novel has for its background San Francisco, and the neighboring hill country. The dominating character of the story, Salina Parsons, who strangely influences the fortunes of the varied group about her, is modeled after a woman who was a notorious figure in San Francisco's social history. The heroine of the story, Adrienne, lovely and rebellious, grows to womanhood under the shadow of the older woman's dark plan for vengeance which stirs to drama the lives of those about her. The story is told with restraint and contains all the necessary ingredients of conflict, passion, intrigue and fire, which go into the making of a truly gripping novel.

The Ruthless Law of the Screen

by DORIS DOUGLAS

POOR people in public life! The world is so ready to criticize and rejoice in cruel glee over any little morsel of scandal that may come its way concerning them!

We who know intimately these famous ones of screen or stage know they have hearts and natures as big as themselves. The little intimate tales of kindness and help extended to some less fortunate fellow struggler that form a warm undercurrent of brotherly kindness in Hollywood, comes from a little unwritten code of honor among "professionals" concerning the "under dog." These hidden little deeds of kindness, in obedience to this law, must NEVER be used for publicity, and are never told to ANY one by the benefactor at any time. Instinctively all obey these unwritten laws.

There is no more sincere, deep and appreciative sympathy shown in life than that displayed by every good trouper.

Perhaps it is because most of them have been through privations, have rubbed shoulders with starvation, have stalked with failure, discouragement, hopelessness. Cruelty, kicks, knocks, hisses have been theirs, from the very world, who, so readily and swiftly offers them of its best *when they GET there*.

Every stage star's story tells of a grim battle against odds, such as the knights of old, who rode forth in quest of the golden grail, never dreamed of!

This is seldom so of the screen. But the screen public is far more cruel and relentless. The screen is yet a baby, and children are unreasoningly cruel.

THE screen thrusts someone utterly unprepared into sudden glaring prominence. Publicity and exploitation does the rest!

The glare of popularity blinds young, ambitious eyes to the yawning pitfalls of sudden acclaim. They revel, they go MAWKISHLY mad, radiant over their own success! They become drunk with successful intoxication. Like the moth—so often recited—they fly in maddened exultation, around and around the gloriously brilliant flare of popularity and fame . . . They fly too close . . . are scorched . . . burned . . . fall out of sight! . . . Where? . . . Who knows—or cares?

Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and Mae Murray have held sway longer than any other screen stars. This is because they went through the pioneering, struggling, soul searing days of trial BEFORE they achieved success. The struggles, the privations, the school of hard knocks, made them level headed, solemnly grateful for success when it came.

Many tales are told here in Hollywood of Gloria's sad days of struggle. One man told me the other day she used to ask him to drive her out to Universal City because she didn't have the bus fare —10 cents!

She said to him, "I can't even get a JOB—but someday I'm going to have the whole world bowing to Gloria Swanson! Just see if I don't!" This man said of her, "She was a cute kid! I liked her courage and spirit but I didn't think she'd ever get anywhere—much! But she sure did! Went to the top and stuck!"

That's the stuff screen idols are made of! That's why when success did come she was prepared for it and she didn't—toboggan. That is also why the policy of today thrusting a pretty face, form, or just youth into immediate prominence will never make screen idols. They will flare and flame—and—toboggan!

But the screen is fickle at best and even these old favorites will soon have to let go for new faces and forms. Five years of fame for the screen Star and then—oblivion. Off with the old and on with the new, ruthlessly demands the screen.

Remember Theda Bara, Mable Normand, Mary Fuller, Mary Miles Minter, Jack Warren Kerrigan, Maurice Costello, Dorothy Dalton, Marguerite Clark, Dustin and William Farnum, Clara Kimball Young, Marie Doro, Mae Marsh, Pearl White and Beverly Bayne? Idols—all! Where are they now, what are they doing? Occasionally some one asks. Someone else says, "I wonder!"—and that's all!

They are all still young and would just be coming into their own on the stage. Now and then you hear of them in a minor part, or playing bits and parts in small pictures—or striving to come back in a big way!

By a peculiar twist of screen precedence—they CAN'T come back! It is like a woman striving to regain a lost lover's affections. They simply cannot gain the applause of their audience again. It is *gone!* Public sentiment is as implacable as fate itself!

Why does this merciless fact exist in the screen public? Is it because the screen

can give us nothing but illusion, faces and forms in shadow? Perhaps it is because they see each one in dozens of characterizations in a year and their mannerisms are much the same in all roles.

There is no voice, no personal contact to the screen. All the public can learn to love are face, form, mannerisms, photographic charm. But the lasting things — personality, personal contact — the voice, the personal vibrations, are utterly lacking on the silver sheet.

It is all gray and white, soundless shadows, moving before the eyes in pantomime. There is nothing compelling but story, titles, beauty—it is all shadowy illusion, nothing lasting or compelling!

The public may be intrigued with a screen personality—the way she wears her clothes, her mannerisms, her stories and characterizations, etc., BUT let her stories be poor, everything be sacrificed to the favorite one and she will—toboggan slide—to oblivion.

Valentino, he who held the feminine hearts of the world in the palm of his hand! A second Don Juan! His name stood for a type—and was on the lips of all. He took too much for granted—started to toboggan—then tried to pull himself back. It took a melo-dramatic director — Death — to bring him completely back into the hearts of the people. Otherwise it could not have been done. Why? No one ever seems to know why this is so—it seems to be the ruthless law of the screen.

The toboggan is getting more crowded each year. This is because fame has become such an easy thing for the screen aspirant. Pretty face, form, manners—

Doris Douglas knows her Hollywood. She knows her motion picture public. She knows the public's favorites. Here we have impressions forcefully, yet tactfully expressed by a writer who is intimately acquainted with every worth-while artist in Hollywood.

It is with sincere pride we offer Doris Douglas' caustic story, "The Ruthless Law of the Screen." Watch out for the toboggan.—GEB.

HIS TITLES BRING CHUCKLES!



AL BOASBERG

He's "Frivolous Al," wherever laughter is paramount

Bobby Vernon—On and Off

By RENEE ROSS

IT WAS a small picture house in Glendale. In the crowded lobby hung a huge lithograph announcing the evening's comedy. Beside it stood



BOBBY VERNON

the manager of the theatre in deep conversation with a boyish looking, blue-eyed chap. A ragged newsboy rounded the corner and emitted a shrill

"Whoopie!" at sight of the lithograph. For a minute or two he studied it in ecstasy, then he tugged at the young fellow's coat.

"Hey, mister, who are you?" he demanded, curiously.

The conversation had evidently reached a critical stage, for the young man was too busy to answer and merely pointed to the comic figure on the lithograph. The little boy stared, unbelievingly.

"Aw gwan!" he hooted, derisively, "that's BOBBY VERNON—and he's ten times crazier'n' you are!"

You might have agreed with the little boy if you had come to the Christie Studio with me the other afternoon and watched Bobby Vernon work in his latest comedy. Bobby Vernon off the set is a normal and likeable young man, but Bobby Vernon on the set is ten times crazier than any human being that ever lived.

It was a court room set with a sober, glum-looking judge on the bench. Before him stood two figures—a fearsome, awe-inspiring guard from the jail towering above the shaking, chubby boy in ill-fitting blue prison jeans with a funny little square cap wobbling over his frightened eyes.

"P-please, judge, I g-gotta graduate this afternoon!" stammered the prisoner, all blue-eyed innocence.

"You'll graduate to the rock pile," rasped the grim dispenser of the law.

Bobby's round face was a kaleidoscope of emotion . . .

No, on second thought, I can't explain how crazy Bobby is on the set. If you want to enjoy a hearty laugh, go to the nearest picture theatre running a Bobby Vernon comedy and see for yourself.

He came off the set with a charming smile. "Lookit, what I got!" he beamed, pulling up his sleeve and exposing an angry-looking, jagged cut on his wrist.

Just been working one day on this picture and see what happens. Lots of fun playing in comedies. Want to feel this finger? I broke it last year and it didn't mend right, but I'm a lucky fellow—only had minor accidents so far.

"Course in that Catalina picture we did, I nearly croaked. I had to hang onto a torpedo and be chased through the sad sea waves by a swordfish. Knowing the picture business, you have already guessed they picked the coldest winter day on record. I had a cold anyway, so I borrowed a rubber suit to wear under my clothes in hopes of keeping some of the water out. The fool thing sprung a leak, filled up with most of the ocean and made me heavy as lead—if I hadn't held onto the torpedo like grim death and yelled bloody murder, I'd be fish-food in Davy Jones' famous locker this minute!"

All this with a happy smile—Bobby does seem to enjoy everything so, even flirting with death.

He's such a school boy sort of person it's difficult to believe he's had as much stage and screen experience as lies to his credit. At the mature age of eleven, he faced his first audience back of the footlights in a five-cent musical comedy.

"Roscoe Arbuckle was the head of the company," remembered Bobby, setting the crazy little cap more firmly on his head, "I thought he was the cat's pajamas and used to hang around the theatre every minute I could escape from school or home. Finally, just to get rid of me he offered me a part in the show. I talked my folks into letting me do it and earned a whole dollar a week bringing a message to the queen every night. Gee, I was proud!"

Once inoculated with the insidious virus of the stage, there was no going back. After the company disbanded, Bobby was forever entering tryouts for local theatre amateur nights. This ended abruptly one disastrous evening. The ambitious young actor was in the middle of his black-face singing act when he saw a broad grin on the piano player's face, felt an unaccountable draft, looked down and discovered that his trousers had parted company from his shirt and were making rapid progress down his short legs!

It was not long after this that his father persuaded him to take a job in a jeweler's shop.

"Dad hated the stage and thought if he could once get me started in a real business, all would be jake. I had to wrap packages in the store but the trouble of it was there was a piano playing

all day upstairs—and I couldn't make my feet behave. The boss seemed to think I could wrap more and better packages if I wasn't dancing all the time, so you can see my experience in the business world was what you might call limited."

Soon he discovered that he possessed a singing voice and it was this that won him a part in Kolb and Dill's musical comedy.

"Picture actors say to me, oh, I should think you'd get so sick of doing the same thing night after night on the stage, pictures must be a relief. But it isn't the same every night. New business is added or you see a better way to do the old, or accidents happen or a thousand and one things. Stage life has plenty of variety, at any rate." Bobby was sure of this.

Back to the set again . . . The frantic young prisoner starts to leave the court room with his fierce-mustachioed guard; both their backs are toward the heartless judge. Written in chalk on the broad, blue back of the guard is the scrawled plea: "Please, judge, have a heart! If you don't let me go, I can't graduate and I'll lose my girl." The stern face of justice thaws a trifle and he calls the prisoner back to the bar . . .

Bobby bounded off the set to greet a round little Irish peasant who had wandered in from an adjoining stage. Kissing her enthusiastically, he dragged her over to me.

"Guess who this is!" he demanded, boyishly.

The same clear eyes of blue, the same chubby innocent face—it didn't take a scientific mind to discover the relationship between the two. Bobby's mother is just as enthused with the screen as her son and takes a delight in playing neighborhood busybodies, sweet mother roles or Irish peasants.

"I'll never forget the first time Bobby played in pictures," she began, cosily, as if we had always been friends, "His father and I lived in San Francisco and Bobby came home for a visit after his first screen engagement.

"'Why, mom,' he said, 'there's a funny guy in little boy's clothes who talks through a cornucopia and tells everybody what to do. In one picture, there was a poor actor on the floor supposed to be dead, with two fellows fighting all around his body; and he pokes his head up and yells: "'Get off my face!' and the guy with the cornucopia bawls him out. 'But they're stepping on my face!' 'That's all right,' says the boss, 'we gotta get this picture.'" Well,

laughed and laughed over Bobby's experiences.

Bobby's mother owes her quaint little accent to the fifteen years of her life spent in the North Friesian Islands. These islands lie in the North Sea between the British Isles and Schleswig-Holstein and were settled by the Vikings but came under German domination in 1864.

"It's very cold there and I used to dream of California. I'd read everything I could about it and drew pictures of palm trees on the frosted window panes. My father would tell me not to be foolish. And then one day, in looking over some old family papers, I came on a scribbled address—Something Watsessing Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A. I rushed to my father with it, and he explained that a remote connection of the family had gone to America many years before.

"He discouraged me by telling me they hadn't been heard from in years, but I wrote them a letter telling how I longed to come to America and by return mail came my passage money. Weren't they good?" her blue eyes sparkled with tears, "I was just fifteen and had no English. How my father hated to see me go! Nothing could stop me—Philadelphia was not California, my land of dreams, but it was at least a step toward my goal."

A transformed Bobby interrupted us. Gone were the dreary prison clothes while the latest collegiate mode adorned his person. Bell trousers so long and so wide they completely engulfed his feet

and hid the fancy socks and shining shoes; the last word in campus headgear topped his sleek hair and a glorious blazer covered his silk shirt and showed a natty tie.

With Bobby was his charming leading lady, Frances Lee. Frances is a Wampus Baby Star this year, but she isn't the first important person to play opposite the comedian. Gloria Swanson, Louise Fazenda, Laura La Plante, Mary Lewis, grand opera prima donna, and Dorothy Devore are among the well-known names that have been featured with Bobby Vernon.

It was at Universal that he met Louise Fazenda. The sparkling comedienne was not much past sixteen and the two young actors gaily experimented with a different make-up for each two-reeler. They played papa and mamma to a leading man on the shady side of forty—long beards, ferocious whiskers, putty noses and wads of gray hair disguising their youth.

When they both went over to the Sennett lot (through the kindness of Ford Sterling) Bobby lost his playmate and found another in Gloria Swanson. He and Gloria romped through numberless comedies with the villainous Wallie Beery pursuing them. One day, feeling that Mr. Sennett did not truly appreciate their art, they went together to a rival producer and offered themselves at a cut rate. Looking at the chubby boy and the bit of a girl, he shook his head. He didn't feel he could risk his money on either of them.

Almost every actor in Hollywood who amounts to anything has been directed at one time or another by D. W. Griffith . . . So has Bobby. It was his first and last experience in heavy drama. "The Black Sheep" was the name of the picture and our hero played the title role, doing everything but steal the pennies from his dead grandmother's eyelids and only omitting this villainy because the script didn't call for a grandmother.

Laura La Plante and Dorothy Devore were among his leading ladies at the Christie Studio, but the leading lady of his heart has never been on the screen. Mrs. Bobby Vernon has a life-sized career of her own—by name, Barbara Vernon, age five years.

"My mother used to like me until Barbara came along," teased Bobby, but something in his smile told me that he'd have a poor opinion of anyone who didn't adore his beloved daughter.



Bobby Vernon, with Florence Gilbert and Louise Fazenda—two of his former leading ladies

Impressions of Blanche and Micky

By MARGARET ETTINGER

IT HAS been my good fortune for the past year and a half to be in constant contact with two extremely interesting and charming screen personages. Two geniuses of the cinema whose unusual fabric has stamped some indelible impressions upon my mind. I am referring to Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan.

I think one of the greatest charms of Blanche Sweet is her originality. There would never be the slightest reason to say, "Be yourself," to her. She is. Nor could you visualize her as one of a mass, following a single leader. In fashion, in her mode of living, in all things, she guides herself.

There are two predominating factors about her. One is her untiring energy to perfectly complete anything she may go after and the other her flair of individuality which is sponsored by a great thinking brain. Blanche Sweet will always be an influence in pictures as long as she cares to stay in them. Where other stars run the gauntlet and fade out with scarcely an audible flicker, Blanche, like the magician with a bag of tricks, will always have something of interest up her sleeve. If she should leave the screen tomorrow, I should look for her to strike forth with a successful plunge into something else. Her versatility would savour success with anything she might choose to specialize in.

There is a great spirit of bravery about her. Though slight and extremely feminine, she exhales a power that could combat the world. Perhaps it is because she has been on the defensive since early childhood when side by side with her grandmother she carried on the battle of earning a living.

She is not the impulsive type, but in-

stead weighs well any decision before making it. I could never think of Blanche Sweet being unfair in any of her dealings. Fair play goes hand in hand with her ability to read character. Though she determines slowly upon friendships, those she makes are lasting and she now numbers among her friends the ones she acquired years ago when she first entered pictures.

She has an amazing memory. She regards detail as tremendously important and concentrates upon it in handling business and in her manner of living.

She forces herself to do the things that she knows are good for her even though they may be distasteful. Exercising twice daily, in the morning and at night, she finds beneficial to her. Therefore, nothing interferes with the routine of it, though she gets no amount of pleasure out of it, other than knowing it is good for her.

One of her predominating thoughts is, "Do the things that you do not want to do." Following this thought closely she has achieved much that might otherwise have been impossible.

Being human, she has influences. Two of them in fact. Her grandmother, Mrs. Alexander, who reared her and guided her through childhood, and her husband, Marshall Neilan. Her affection for them is tremendous. No one else can change her mind, once it is made up, for after determining upon which side of the fence she is sitting she is there like the rock of Gibraltar—not to be budged. Before she has made a decision, however, she listens to and accepts counsel from those she depends upon and trusts.

She takes a keen interest in her sur-

roundings. She could never be happy in the ready-made type of home. The place her husband has bought for her in Beverly Hills is uniquely done. There is nothing about it that suggests any other home in California, the United States or the world, for that matter. Each article was purchased carefully by her. Completed, it represents Blanche Sweet's ideas and moods, coupled with her exquisite taste. She is well poised, well read and fortified to stand independently on her own two feet as an individual.

* * * * *

As for Marshall Neilan, he is the genius type. Therefore he is a whimsical man of moods who is guided entirely by his emotions.

He is called the Mark Twain of the movies, for his wit has brought him laurels from some of the great brains of the world.

He has made a business of making other people happy and in the mad rush of things has found time to pause beside the roadside to offer a helping hand to many a faltering traveller. All of the down-and-out stars, actors, directors and producers come to him for aid, whether they know him or not, and they are never refused help by him.

He is the most misunderstood man in Hollywood. Only those who know him well recognize him for what he is. He coats his greatness with an exterior that makes him appear happy-go-lucky. Within there is an active and ingenuous brain that never stops working, and a soul that only comes to light when one is fortunate enough to glimpse him in one of his rare moods.

(Continued on Page 64)



TWO INTERESTING HOLLYWOOD PERSONALITIES

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan. Informal poses of this charming Hollywood couple. "Micky" directs and of course, you know Blanche Sweet—



Blanche Sweet

Photographing Personality

By LUCILLE LANE

BEAUTY to the right of us! Beauty to the left of us!

Into the dazzling display of beauty dashed the dauntless interviewer.

Photographs! Photographs!! Photographs!!! Stacks upon stacks of photographs of beautiful women.

A mystery had come up for solution. There had arisen the query: "Why is a woman more beautiful on the screen—in a photograph—than in reality?"

The answers had been varied:

"Because she is artistically posed," contributed the artist.

"Because her defects are hidden and her good points over-emphasized," stated the cynic.

"Because she generally keeps her mouth shut," bitterly said the husband.

Opinions flew heatedly to settle the question. I had been sent direct to an authentic source—to the lovely studio-home of Harold Dean Carsey, internationally famous photographer of beautiful women.

Here in the charming atmosphere of "Laurelhurst," one of the loveliest homes in Laurel Canyon, perched high on the side of the hill, I put the question to the oracle.

"Why is a woman more beautiful in a photograph than she is in reality?"

"She is not—she merely seems so because in life one judges her at a glance not sensing the beauty of the soul within, or one knows her faults too well to find her lovely. In a photograph, the artist brings out her beauty, the woman projects her personality and there you have the perfect blending which makes the alluring ensemble."

"A merely beautiful woman," continued Mr. Carsey, "generally does not photograph well."

At my look of amazement, he laughed and explained gently, so I could grasp such radical remarks—"A beautiful woman—and by that I mean a woman of flawless loveliness—generally has been so interested in the development of her own beauty that she photographs as a beautiful statue would—without projecting a personality.

"Personality is as vital an element in the success of a photograph as it is in the success of an individual, and unless a woman—or a man, for that matter—has developed and can project personality to the photographic likeness, that likeness is not vital, living, arresting in its charm.

"Often I am asked how I like photographing so many women who are 'beautiful but dumb.' My answer is that many of them are not so beautiful as they seem and none of them are dumb.

"Many women who can boast but one feature of real beauty have so completely mastered this secret of the projection of personality that they appear in their photographs—and likewise on the screen—to be women of exquisite loveliness, flawless visions of perfection."

"What is the secret of projecting personality?" I asked, anxious to know so important a thing.

"Ah, now you touch the crux of the matter," Mr. Carsey said, "the hidden secret of the ages. The art of projecting personality through the camera is the self-same art which projects personality across the footlights, in the ballroom, in the business office—any place where individuals come in contact with one another—that jealously guarded secret of humanity which comes naturally to some fortunate people and is sought out and achieved at great cost by others.

"Safe to say the more often one is photographed the more readily personality gets over. Especially is this noticeable in people I have photographed who come again to me after they have been working in some photoplay under a good director.

"In the case of Dolores Del Rio this was decidedly outstanding. I have photographed her many times. In those pictures made of her since she has worked under the excellent direction of Raul Walsh in 'What Price Glory,' she shows marvelous development. Her pictures radiate personality.

"Clara Bow is one of the most interesting of the many charming women I have photographed. She is absolutely unspoiled, unsuppressed, and has been brought up to be perfectly natural in all things. Her greatest beauty is, of course, her wonderful eyes. She has an uncanny instinct for projecting her personality through the camera and her photographs are dazzlingly alive.

"Then again there are women who feel that certain features, caught in an unfortunate light in some earlier photograph, are very bad. They have become sensitive on this subject and instantly start telling the operator at the beginning of the sitting, 'This side of my face is bad; ' 'Do not take me from this angle. You will get a bad view of my nose; ' 'My hands photograph atrociously. Please don't get them in the picture.'

"There is no such thing in photography as a 'bad side of the face' and similar bugaboos. All of these things are taken care of by a proper lighting arrangement.

"I never touch a woman to pose her.

I don't even touch the drapes about her. I think women resent being touched, instantly stiffen and that easy relaxation so necessary to grace is lost. Mrs. Carsey assists me in these matters. All my instructions are merely suggestions, my objective being to get natural results.

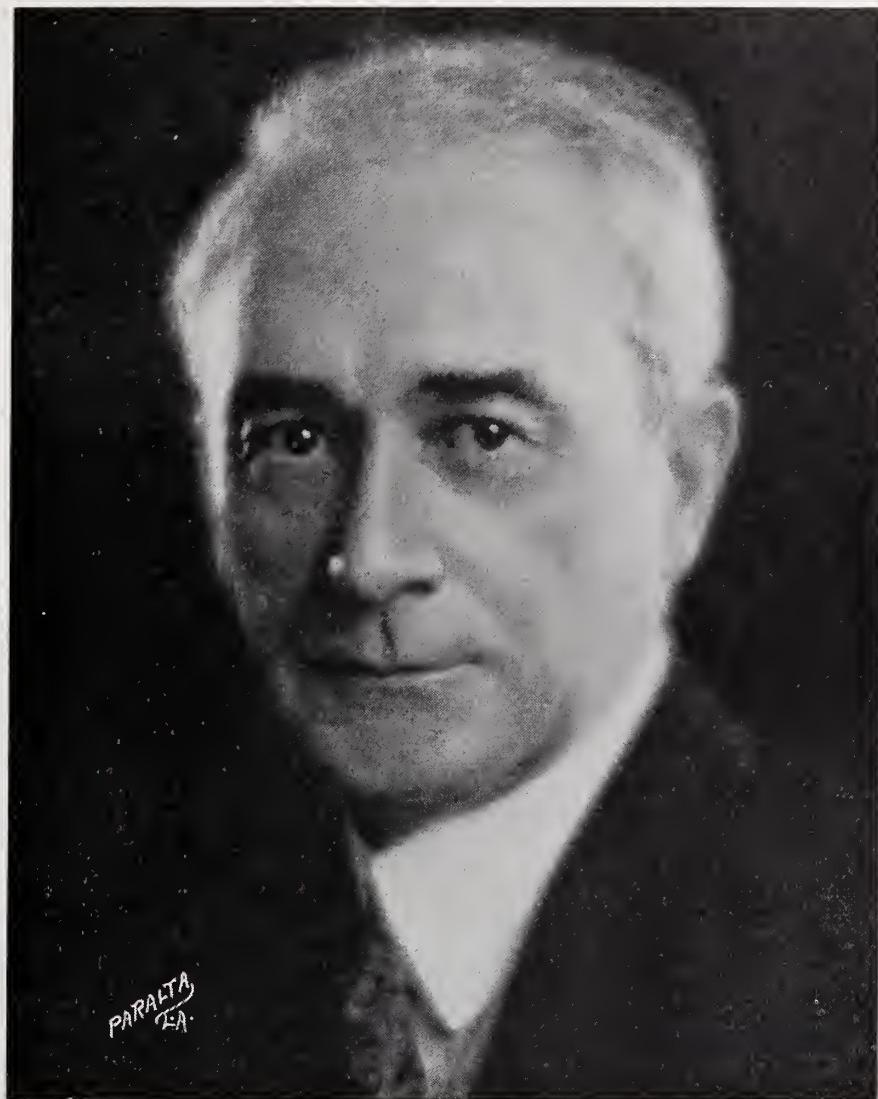
"The secret of posing is to gain the confidence of the sitters and have them at ease. If they feel that a studio is like an operating room and they are about to undergo an ordeal similar to having their appendix removed—well, you know what your own reactions would be under such conditions. I want them to feel at home here, which is the reason why the studio is so far from the beaten path of commerce. When my clients come up here in the mountains they forget the hustle and rush of business. They are not trying to get away to finish some shopping or keep a business engagement. I turn the house over to them and make them believe it is theirs—and it is for the time they remain in it—and I try to do everything for their comfort and pleasure which can be done.

"Anita Stewart is one of our cherished clients. We have made some very beautiful photographs of her here—rare and charming studies, stamped with her wistful personality. After she finishes with her sitting she generally puts on a pair of overalls and makes her way out to the garden, where she works among the flowers she has planted there. We have several plants in our garden which we call our 'Anita Stewart plants,' and she never fails to go out to see how her garden grows.

"Miss Stewart has a marvelous instinct for feeling light when she is being photographed, and the same is true of Rod La Rocque. They respond to lighting effects intuitively and wonderful studies in lights and shadows are obtained in their photographs."

Mr. Carsey's work is internationally known, as he has spent many years in Europe, China and India, and has exhibits in London, Paris, Copenhagen, Berlin, Vienna, Petrograd, Hong Kong, Manila, San Francisco and practically all of the key cities of the United States. He has truly been a rolling stone—a stone which seems to have lodged in the hills of Hollywood. He has been here three years, an eon as he figures time.

"But," he continued, "I have found the Garden Spot of the World. We may take trips away—sometimes even to far countries—but Hollywood will always call us back. Hollywood will always be home."



DAVID HARTFORD
Independent producer of popular box office attractions

IT IS TO LAUGH



JACK RAYMOND

Comic film actor recently arrived in Hollywood. He has played in many of the Eastern Coast productions for First National. Raymond is now working in "Fashions for Women" with Raymond Hatton and Esther Ralston for Famous Players

New Flower Shop

Harry Marks, long known about Hollywood both for his own personality and because he is the owner of Napoleon, the dog star who has been seen in a great number of films, has surprised his many friends in the profession by opening a new shop called "Stars Florists"—located at 714 North Bronson, near Melrose. "Stars Florists" is located almost



NAPOLEON

The Screen Wonder
Dog Belongs to

HARRY MARKS

He has just finished
"KING OF THE PACK"

for Renaud Hoffman

NAPOLEON

"Made" the Picture

Every one says this dog is the most
beautiful and intelligent on the screen
today.

HARRY MARKS

Owner

GGranite 7370 or 595-554



Greta Nissen Makes a Purchase

under the eaves of the Famous Players' Studio, so it was perhaps very natural that Harry's first customer should be one of Famous' brightest lights—Miss Greta Nissen. Harry will busy himself with supplying not only flowers to match the blonde beauty of Miss Nissen, but blossoms of all hues—blossoms, if we may be permitted an atrocious pun, to match the stars themselves.



Stars Florists

STARS Florists, whose store is located at Bronson and Melrose, supply many of our best-known stars at Lasky's and other studios, as well as the public of Hollywood with rare and beautiful flowers at a popular price.

Above is pictured the Swedish star, Greta Nissen, making a selection just prior to her return East.

Stars Florists are admirably equipped for supplying flowers at short notice for the decoration of the home, for weddings or for funerals and special occasions.

A telephone call to GGranite 7370 will receive prompt and courteous attention.

Hollywood's New Studios

(Continued from Page 7)

as the central feature and places scene docks, work shops, dressing rooms and other structures connected directly with the stages in close connection with them, has been inaugurated.

At this date there are four giant stages completed on the First National grounds, and four more laid out to take care of projected increase in production, under the management of John E. McCormick. Each of the stages measures 135 by 250 feet, giving a total floor space per stage of 33,000 square feet. The stages are two-story structures in effect, as runways and overhead lighting equipment occupy the space under the arched roofs. However, from floor to ceiling of the space "in the clear" there is room for the highest "set" that camera angles will allow, and trap doors through the floors take care of any sub-floor-level work that may be necessary.

An innovation in motion picture stage construction is introduced at First National by making floors solid enough to support the heaviest motor trucks at any point with the stage. Instead of properties and scenery being loaded and unloaded at the stage doors, trucks will drive into the stages to whatever point they are required.

An idea of the number of buildings required in the big, modern film plant will be gained from the following list of major structures only, to be found on the First National "lot." There is a group of three large office buildings two blocks in length across the front of the studio; the stages already mentioned; a huge lumber mill of steel and concrete; a scene dock building for each stage; a carpenter shop building; a generator building; two lumber storage buildings; a garage building; two very large dressing room buildings and a number of smaller ones; a film laboratory building; a cutting room and film vault building; a property building; a wardrobe building, and many smaller structures.

While that list includes a few structures not found at other studios, it is fairly typical of the requirements of the great modern film plants; the sort being built as the exodus from the business center of Hollywood to its outlying districts continues, and production volume increases.

A Veteran Trooper

A famous stage star of twenty years ago is today playing a "bit" in support of Lewis Stone, Billie Dove and Lloyd Hughes, in First National's "Three in Love." His name is Burr Mackintosh and his duties in the picture are to marry Miss Dove and Hughes, in his role of groceryman and Justice of the Peace. He appears in just a few scenes. Mackintosh was internationally known as a stage star, some of his better-remembered vehicles being "The Man from Mississippi," "Trilby" and "The Old Homestead." His stage career was of about fifteen years' duration. He retired after his popularity had passed its zenith and devoted himself to various hobbies, chief of which was photography. A great friend of the late ex-President, Theodore Roosevelt and of former President Taft, he accompanied the former on one of his African big game expeditions as official photographer. He was with Taft on the latter's trips to Panama and the Philippines, in the same capacity. Millard Webb is directing "Three in Love," which is being produced for First National by Al Rockett.



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Are Pictures Improving

(Continued from Page 5)

nal film companies were organized. At first there was no real competition. The market, limited as it was, was yet too great for the production facilities. Every picture made, no matter how weak, was in instant demand. A one-reel picture could be produced for somewhere between \$100 and \$125 complete, and the turnovers were rapid with profits big, so that soon more and more companies entered the game.

"Now film makers encountered for the first time that greatest incentive to improvement and progress in every field—competition. At the same time, the public became more discriminating. With the evolution of the full length one-reel film from the former quarter and half reels, pictures ceased to be merely a novelty and instead became an interesting medium for telling stories.

"The man whose picture told the story most interestingly and told the most interesting story soon found that the demand for his product was greater than that of others and consequently he could charge more for it. When the others discovered this fact, there remained but one thing for them to do—either make a better picture than the leader or accept a lower return. They chose to make better pictures. The few who didn't soon found themselves so far behind that they vanished from view entirely.

"As the competition became keener, there was a constant searching for something new, better players, better stories, better photography. And always the public taste grew more and more exacting and discriminating. The two-reel picture was the next big development. This allowed greater scope for telling stories, more finished action, better backgrounds, improvement all the way up and down the line. Then came the great day when 'Cinderella' was produced in three reels.

"Three-reel films became the rule after that and they held sway as the regular feature length for a considerable period. By this time competition was so keen that the specialist in production became a necessity, with a resultant loose banding together in groups. Some companies made only society dramas, others made only westerns, others comedies.

"Once again the public demanded something more, and the producers fought each other to give it to them. Then one of them launched upon a departure which was declared to be impossible of success—the five-reel picture. Far and wide the company chiefs de-

clared, 'Five reels is too long. The public does not want to see one story for so extended a period.' But as soon as it became evident that the public found the five-reel picture the ideal length for the telling of the average novel every producer found it necessary to fall rapidly into line, and so the next great step was taken.

"Then D. W. Griffith, who had been doing a lot of new things ever since he came into the picture world as a director for Biograph, conceived the most stupendous project pictures had ever known. Against all protests and over the jeers of competitors he made the first twelve-reeler, 'The Birth of a Nation,' and presented it, not in motion picture houses, but in the regular legitimate theaters at legitimate attraction prices. The success of that enterprise is too recent in film history to require comment.

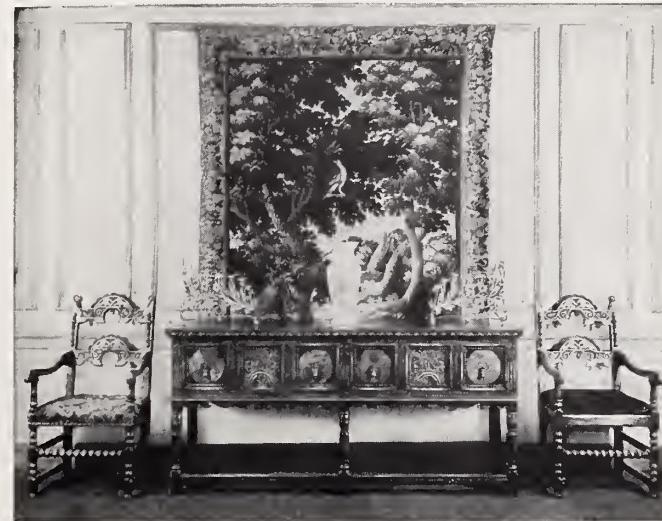
"This act of Griffith proved the crowning event in the general stabilization of the industry in so far as it regarded picture length. From that time on there has been no variation to speak of from the established rule—from five to seven reels for the average run of program picture—ten to twelve reels for the spectacle feature.

"As a result of that fixation of length, the competition which was causing continual improvements, turned swiftly to the artistic and actual production side of films. Here again it was a matter of vieing with all comers for the best in talent, the best in photography, the best in direction, with an eye always toward something better in each of these fields.

"One producer would seek to make a better five-reeler than any other because of the greater market that lay before him. Another would attempt to make a greater super-feature than 'The Birth of a Nation.' Frankly, it must be admitted that this proved a task, but though that picture will always stand as one of the greatest of all time for theme and treatment, it pales in comparison with the superlative finesse and lavishness of a dozen productions made in Hollywood during the past few years. The photography of today is better than it was when 'The Birth of a Nation' was made, the general acting is better, lighting is improved. If 'The Birth of a Nation' were to be presented now as a new and unheard-of picture, in its original form, I do not believe it would stand up as a production comparable to big features of the past year.

"When John Barrymore made 'The Sea Beast' it was better than 'Beau Brummel.' Now 'Don Juan' admittedly surpasses 'The Sea Beast.' That's just symbolic of the whole industry. Everybody working to surpass previous effort, with improvement as inevitable as the sun and moon.

(Continued on Page 60)



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Are Pictures Improving

(Continued from Page 57)

"Vogues are a form of competition that really have done much for film improvement. It has become an accepted fact in the film world that when a certain new type of picture is a success, there will be many prototypes from the cameras of other producers. And each of those 'follow-up' films seeks to surpass all previous works of the same type. For instance, 'The Sea Beast' established a vogue for sea pictures which is still going on. 'The Big Parade' started an avalanche of war pictures. There have been two vogues of pirate stories, one begun by 'The Sea Hawk,' another now in programs, started by 'The Black Pirate.' 'The Covered Wagon' was followed up by almost countless pictures of a similar type. Each of these vogue pictures does its bit toward film improvement by attempting to outdo its competitors in the same field. Somewhere along the line its makers catch something that is permanent for the betterment of films and another step is taken.

"In the last analysis there are so many factors responsible for the making of better pictures, that a separate article could be written about each one—yet I consider the public the most important because after all it is the public for whom the entertainment is made and it must be satisfied or else the pictures will not show a profit. Public demand places the motion picture in the peculiar position of being unable to stop improving. It dare not stand still. The incentives for improvement are too great and the penalties for not improving too severe. The high water mark of today will only be the sea level of tomorrow, and there is always the encouraging realization that there is no permanent pinnacle, but there is always a temporary one which it is worth while to reach while seeking to climb to unattainable perfection."

Rex Taylor will be responsible for the continuity of "The Road to Romance," to be produced by First National under the management of Charles R. Rogers. This is the story which will glorify the commercial traveler and for which a contest will be inaugurated among traveling men to select a fitting permanent title.

Leatrice Joy has completed her starring role in "Nobody's Widow," under the direction of Donald Crisp, and will take a brief vacation before facing the cameras again for her next De Mille picture.

Galloping Tintypes

by DUKE ORBACH

A Hollywood girl is reported to have slapped a man for telling a bed-time story.

* * *

Marie Prevost, while driving to her home from the Metropolitan Studios recently, learned effectively that it is not necessary to strip the gears in order to cool the motor.

* * *

Rupert Hughes, the author, "provides the material from which the director departeth." The quotes are his, as stated before a Wampus Club meeting.

* * *

"Anne Cornwall, graduate of comedies, went back to 'water stuff' yesterday but without the bathing suit," writes her industrious press agent. Gosh!

* * *

Cissy Fitzgerald, famous screen star who is credited with having been the first to pose before a motion picture camera, tells the following story which she says typifies 100 per cent: "In a small

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* * *

TO DO A LITTLE BIT MORE

* * *

AND IN THE COURSE

* * *

OF A NATURAL GROWTH

* * *

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'Just a Woman,' wrote the inspired p.a. for First National. To allay the fears of the uninitiated, this does not refer to surgery.

* * *

Gertrude Astor believes she has one of the cleverest dogs extant, whatever that is. At least, whenever she asks the meat hound if he is coming or not, he either does or he doesn't.

* * *

A recent dispatch from London asserts that Booth Grainge has bought "The Ball of Fortune." We thought "Red" Grange had the ball of fortune.

* * *

Most of the roads leading into New York are blatant with ads heralding the benefits of Bromo Seltzer. David Hartford is convinced that they have become a municipal necessity. "Some of the shows there," he said, "are enough to give anyone a headache."

LEON HOLMES



Joseph Schildkraut as Judas, Ernest Torrence as Peter, and Leon Holmes as the demented child in "King of Kings"

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A Changeling In Our Midst

by LUCILE ERSKINE

ONE LATE afternoon, I lingered with a group watching Arthur Lubin at work in a picture. He was playing a young pool room shark in a small town of the Middle West, and when he uttered some lines, the voice was so coarse with the true Middle West nasal twang.

That very same evening at The Writers' Club, while enjoying the tones of an old Jew in one of the plays, "The Poem of David," as he sweetly brought to one the purple and gold of Solomon's day, I mused on the contrast between the two voices.

When the lights were turned up and I saw the program, I gasped!

But such exclamations of surprise generally greet this changeling of the screen, who follows on the heels of one characterization to another so astonishingly different that in these days of just one type, he is something to be spotted.

"Serve art as a slave," William Dean Howells says somewhere, "and the day will come when it will make you a master."

But Arthur speaks modestly of why he has chosen this harder way.

"The speaking stage," he says with a gravity that seems to belie his boyish look, "is an art, of course. The movies—well they maybe tomorrow, but hardly today. And then I suppose I yearn for expression rather than success, so I go on with my double life, one sort of person before the camera by day and somebody vastly different before a living audience by night."

But if the movie clay be worked on by many as he, won't it shapen finally into an art?

Those who have previewed "Bardelys the Magnificent" say his Louis the Thirteenth is a fresh contribution. Yet how often the foppish Louis has been done! With Ann of Austria and Richlieu he forms a perennial trio always appearing on the screen. And while one audience will follow him in this Sabatini story, another will watch him at The Pasadena Community Theatre perform one of the most difficult feats ever attempted in theatredom. For in Eugene O'Neill's "Great God Brown" he must degenerate from a normal boy of eighteen into a raving maniac of forty.

And it is all the more gratifying that this young idealist hails from our own Los Angeles. When his eyes opened on Eighth and Flower, the movie industry was in the shed stage of its evolution. Yet as he grew up, he said he felt Los Angeles reach out a groping hand for art, due no doubt to the relic of Spanish blood still here.

The East got him for awhile and at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburg, where he obtained a college degree, he took so thorough a course in everything pertaining to the theatre that Arthur can paint a scene or design a costume and finish it up with needle and thread.

A good start on Broadway fell to the lot of the well-trained novice, but the lure was still in his West, and he returned here, where he believes a new civilization is springing up, in which art will take its place as a daily necessity for

Elms" wanted to make sure that the Los Angeles presentation would sustain the play's international reputation, Arthur Lubin was drafted to be a sustaining pillar in each.

Why does he risk always winning his audience anew, instead of re-pleasing them with a type they like? To turn out the same brand of acting is often done in the "factory," as Michael Arlen calls Hollywood.

Perhaps the solution can be found in this anecdote of Beerbohm Tree. When anyone would apply to him for a place in his company, he would invariably ask:

"Are you Irish or better than that, are you Jewish? If you're Celtic, you have a culture three thousand years old, but if you're Jewish, it's five thousand."

Arthur Lubin belongs to the race that produced the Songs of David, when the rest of us were in our lairs. Such a deep cultural heritage lashes him past the easy places to the heights. Pleasing the mob would mean nothing. Satisfying his own exacting spirit everything.

"In the last analysis there are so many factors responsible for the making of better pictures, that a separate article could be written about each one—yet I consider the public the most important because after all it is the public for whom the entertainment is made and it must be satisfied or else the pictures will not show a profit. Public demand places the motion picture in the peculiar position of being unable to stop improving. It dare not stand still. The incentives for improvement are too great and the penalties for not improving too severe. The high water mark of today will only be the sea level of tomorrow,

I know a stage hand here who gabbles the English language more terribly than anyone in the world. He was holding a somewhat lengthy conversation with an extra girl recently. He said, "If I'd a knowed you woulda came I wouldn't a went out."

The girl, with a knowing wink to a nearby companion, answered: "If I'd a knowed you wanted to went I'd a took you."

When "The Rough Riders" is finished, Hermann Hagedorn, biographer for Theodore Roosevelt, will have devoted nearly two years to a task of reverence. More than a year ago, Hagedorn, who is secretary of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, dedicated himself to the work of creating on the screen for millions of Americans, the glowing exploits and personality of Roosevelt, in the Spanish-American War.



ARTHUR LUBIN

even the man in the street, as it was in the days of Athens.

On his return, he found the movies no longer sheds, but imposing and impassable fortresses. With a young comedian who then kept fasts as he now keeps feasts, they used to walk from one shut door to another.

One desperate day, Harold (you can guess his last name) said to Arthur, "I have an idea. I shall introduce you as my uncle, and say you are President of the Lubin Picture Corporation. That might get us past the gate-keeper."

It worked and the versatile Arthur soon "caught on."

After one of his most definite achievements on the screen, the disloyal son in "His People," he might have followed this success by always playing a type similar. But instead he turned his back on it.

When "Liliom," St. John Irvine's "Jane Clegg" and "Desire Under the

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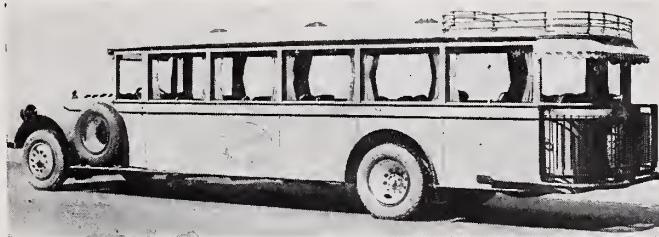
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Impressions of Blanche and Mickey

(Continued from Page 50)

He is all artist. His slender expressive hands denote it as do his accomplishments and his tastes.

He had a struggle to get to a place of prominence and importance, but he acquired neither bitterness nor conceit on the road. He remembers well those less palmy days as he also remembers the friends he made while en route to fame.

He is sensitive, proud and lovable.

He has not allowed himself to become disillusioned, and he places faith in everyone with whom he comes in contact until they prove they are not to be trusted.

Instinctively he knows good art, good music and good literature. His education was limited to grammar school so he had no opportunity to cajole or spoil this understanding. It has retained a naturalness and a strength that is charming and amazing.

He excels in music, composing and playing with rare quality and tone, though he has never had a lesson, nor can he read a note.

He is sympathetic, generous to a fault and understanding.

One could never imagine Mickey Neilan doing anything in a methodical way. A picture directed by him exactly according to script would not be one of his best. He has that great gift of impulse which tells him spontaneously what to do, and it is much better done by him than something he has handled according to rule.

I know he would feel stifled if he were forced to stay within certain bounds on his screen productions. The things that he has done on his own, letting his moods dictate, have been his best.

When he is interested in a sequence he works like fury. When he is not he comes to a sudden halt and goes away from the set until he gets an idea that he likes. Then he comes back and shoots the scene in a jiffy. It would be no use for him to attempt to do it half-heartedly. He must feel that it is right before he can go on.

In an instant he may go from a serious to a jovial mood or visa versa.

Of course his genius takes precedence over all else in summing up Mickey, but his humanness and kindness join it to make him a really great personality.

Angle Shots

And now we have the "Comedy Consultant." Charles Grapewin, one of vaudeville's foremost entertainers, is to fill this new position during the production of "No Control" at the Metropolitan Studio. Grapewin has written and starred in a number of vaudeville sketches and is expected to bring to the screen a new type of humor to supplant the usual "gags." He is working closely with Director Scott Sidney on the making of "No Control," a screen version of Frank Condon's Saturday Evening Post story, in which Harrison Ford and Phyllis Haver are co-featured.

Another independent producing company has joined the ranks of the units now working at the Fine Arts Studios. This time it is Atma Productions, headed by Gavin De La Torres, general manager. The concern, which is newly organized, will produce a series of feature pictures for the independent film market. Other companies now working at Fine Arts are H. J. Brown, Roy Clements Productions, Tiffany Productions, Milliken Productions, Premier Film Company, Preferred Pictures, David Hartford Productions, Pathe, Goodwill Productions and H. V. Productions.

Word has just been received here that William Beaudine has the distinction of being the only director who was awarded two mentions on the list of 1926 motion pictures endorsed by the Parent Teachers Association and the Educational Committee of the National Board of Review. "Boy O' Mine," and "Little Annie Rooney," both Beaudine productions filmed last year, were highly acclaimed by the official previewers. Beaudine, who recently joined the M-G-M directorial staff, in collaboration with Al Cohn and Vernon Smith is now preparing "Frisco Sally Levy," an original story by Al Cohn, for filming. Production will begin sometime within the next two weeks. The director will assemble his personal staff and cast next week.

There were enough prospective lamb chops used in filming "Jim the Conqueror" to feed a goodly share of the starving Armenians. In the sequences of this Metropolitan picture, which were taken in Arizona, 4000 sheep were used. The woolly quadrupeds were owned by the Navajo Indians and pressed into service as a very necessary part of the filming of this Peter B. Kyne story in which William Boyd and Elinor Fair have featured roles.

Amazing Indeed

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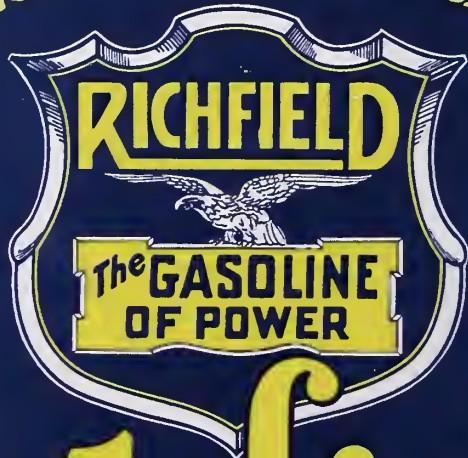
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Pure, Odorless
chemicals & acids



Motor dopes or poisons of any kind are unnecessary with Richfield gasoline. When high compression motors are developed for commercial use, Richfield will meet the problem in its refining process, *not* by the addition of poisonous chemicals or acids at increased prices.